WEAK MAN

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AND

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AN AMERICAN

COMEDY-DRAMA,

—IN—

FOUR ACTS,

—BY—

HERBERT WILL.

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HERBERT WILL.

3116 W

(Baltimore
1881)

P5635
.29W723

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ROBERT EHRTON.

HUGH DARRELL.

HENRY LANGTON.

FRANCIS WHITEFORD.

HERVEY TRAVERS.

IKE HASKINS.

JOSHUA DARRELL.

BOLTER TRAVERS.

JOHN FARBER.

JULIA DARRELL.

ALICE FARBER.

MRS. DARRELL.

ELIZABETH FARBER.

BETTY.

KATIE.

ACT I.—Somerville. Drawing-room in country residence of Joshua Darrell, Esq.

ACT II.—Farber Farm.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.—Grounds of Mr. Darrell's house. SCENE 2.—Law office of Robert Ehrton.

ACT IV.—Same as first.

WEAK MAN AND WEAK WOMAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Somerville, a suburban town. Drawing-room in the country residence of Joshua Darrell, Esq. Mr. Darrell reading a newspaper at centre table R. Hugh lolling on a sofa L. C. Julia at piano L. Mrs. Darrell reading a magazine R. C. Secretary, with writing materials upon it, open R. C.

MRS. DAR. Julia, do you expect company to-night?

JULIA. [Turning around on the piano stool.] Lots of it, Ma! Mr. Langton is to be here. Mr. Whiteford, of course, accompanies him, as usual. Then Mr. Hervey Travers [laughing]—I can't think of that man without laughing—promised not to disappoint me. We are to make arrangements about going hay-making on Wednesday. I should not be surprised if Robert would be here also to see that I behave myself, but he might as well spare himself the trouble, for I shan't; I hate to behave myself, and I don't propose to do it!

MRS. DAR. Julia, I think you ought to show Mr. Ehrton more attention. He is——

JULIA. [Crossing to her.] Oh! now, Ma, don't! Don't begin on that subject! Dear Ma, forgive me! but really you are a very foolish mother, on some subjects. Yes, you are, little mother! I know I am engaged to be married to Robert Ehrton; there is no danger of my forgetting it whilst he is around. And I love Rob, too! Certainly I do. Dear Rob! But do you suppose, Ma, that because I am engaged to be married, I am going to put my finger in my mouth—so!—and stand in a corner—so! And just because I am engaged I am not to have any more fun—not to see any more of my gentlemen friends! If that's what you and Hugh there—that horrible rude brother of mine—call behaving myself, I say I won't behave myself one bit—not one bit!

HUGH. Ju, are you actually going to carry out that crazy idea of going to Farber Farm to spoil old Farber's hay?

JULIA. [Crosses L.] Indeed I am! It will just be splendid fun, too! Just to think, Pops, I am going to take a party of gentlemen to Farber Farm on a hay-making picnic, or they are going to take me, I don't know which! I told Daisy all about it to-day, and she is perfectly delighted at the idea. Moreover, she is to receive us at the

farm, and show as all around, and I know Mr. Langton and Mr. Whiteford—and, of course, Mr. Hervey Travers—will fall in love with her right then and there—the dear little soul! Then the great, the incomparable, the only Ike Haskins, will show us all how to make hay. I think I can see him now, trying to teach us. [Laughing.] And only think, Pops, this idea of a hay-making excursion is born of my mighty intellect!

MR. DAR. A very harmless and novel enjoyment, without doubt.

HUGH. Who is this Daisy you spoke of, Ju? Is it a flower—or—or—what?

JULIA. Hugh, you never pay any attention to anything. I have told you about her hundreds of times. Daisy is the sweetest girl that ever lived—except, of course, your sister. We were at school together all last year, and she was everybody's favorite there—but mine especially. All the girls loved Daisy Farber. I don't believe she ever had an enemy; she was so loving, and amiable, and beautiful! Some of the *parvenu* at first looked down upon her contemptuously, and said that "after all, Daisy Farber was only a farmer's daughter, and it was an outrage to be compelled to associate with her!" but, do you know, even they could not resist her fascinating little ways, and soon were as desperately in love with her as any of us?

HUGH. Old Farber does not belong to the *bon ton*, it is true, but he is an honest, hard-working, respectable man, and is reported to be in very comfortable circumstances.

JULIA. Of course he is—and he is a real nice man and loves Daisy to distraction. It seems so strange for him to have a daughter like her.

HUGH. What time will you go, Ju?

JULIA. Wednesday morning at ten o'clock sharp, as I propose to tell my retinue this evening. [Suddenly.] But oh, Hugh! you are not going, are you? Please don't. There won't be a bit of fun in it—for you.

HUGH. Why, you were in ecstasies a moment ago over the very idea of it! How very shrewd you are, Ju! I will go if I can arrange it.

JULIA. [Angrily.] Hugh Darrell, you are the most contemptible, rude, vulgar, idle—horrible—

DAR. [Putting down the paper.] Julia, my child! Control yourself! You must not fly into a passion in this way!

JULIA. I'm not in a passion, Pops! Indeed I am not. Why, Pops! The idea of accusing *your* daughter of being in a passion! The idea of Julia Darrell in a passion! [Laughs. Hugh echoes her laugh from the sofa.] Hugh Darrell, if you don't behave yourself, I'll go out of the room; I won't live in the same house with you, you—no, Pops, I'm not a bit angry! And now, dear Pops, I want you to retire to the library to read, [crosses to him] because, you know, the library is more comfortable and all your papers are there, and, besides, I expect my gentlemen visitors in a few moments. [Taking the paper from him and leading him off L. U. E.]

DAR. I suppose you will put me out of my own house next.

[Exit L. U. E.]

JULIA. Not if you remain such a good old amiable Pops.

MRS. DAR. I must share his fortunes with him. I must read for your father. Remember, Julia, [kissing her] if Mr. Ehrton comes, treat him considerately; your smiles belong to him now.

[Exit L. U. E.]

JULIA. [Crossing to Hugh.] Hugh, dear, won't you get up from the sofa? I did not mean what I said to you, Hugh [patting him on the cheek. Hugh takes out a cigar and lights it]. Why, Hugh Darrell, you awful wretch! How dare you? You do not mean to say you are going to smoke in this drawing-room?

HUGH. No; I don't mean to *say* it.

JULIA. Hugh! [stamping her foot] Hugh! [Throwing herself into a chair R. C. sobbing; finally looking around at him.] Well, then, smoke, smoke, *smoke!* Go on! Smoke! Ugh! If you are not ashamed, I won't be ashamed for you.

Enter BETTY, C., with cards.

JULIA. Show the gentlemen in, Betty. [To Hugh.] I shall be utterly unconscious of your presence. A man that would treat his sister as you are doing is capable of anything.

Enter LANGTON and WHITEFORD, C.

Gentlemen, I must compliment you upon your punctuality. I suppose you don't deserve it, however. Business men fall into the habit of being so particular about keeping their appointments that they deserve no especial credit for it. Now, Mr. Langton, please don't put on such a lugubrious look. [Laughs.] It does not improve your appearance at all, and it is all affected.

LANGTON. Really, Miss Julia, you must allow me to contradict you for Mr. Whiteford and myself. We have been looking forward to this evening——

JULIA. Oh! don't, please, Mr. Langton; spare your compliments and spare me, for I don't believe it. Now, don't be horrified! [Laughs.] Pray be seated, gentlemen, for I am afraid you will get weary if you remain standing any longer. [They seat themselves.] Now, tell me, how do you like Somerville by this time? Do you not find it a pleasant refuge from the heat of the city every evening? You answer me, Mr. Whiteford, for I see Mr. Langton is studying some pretty little nothing to say.

WHITE. Somerville is a delightful place; so convenient to the city; the scenery around is so beautiful; the society is so charming—especially the society of—if you will permit me to say——

JULIA. But I won't permit you, Mr. Whiteford——

HUGH. Ju, give the gentlemen a chance.

LANG. Hugh! You here? I had no idea you were within a radius

of a mile! How are yon? [Langton and Whiteford cross to Hugh and shake hands.]

HUGH. [Without changing his position.] This is your humble servant, and no mistake. Ju tried to put me out of here, but I wouldn't go. I have as much right here as she has, you know. Why don't you put these gentlemen out, Ju? [Laughing.]

JULIA. I am very sorry to say, gentlemen, that though my brother has arrived at man's estate; that though he has been surrounded by everything that might cultivate or refine; that though he has had the society of a sister; he is anything but a gentleman. I hope you will pardon him for my sake.

HUGH. Don't do it, Harry! I don't want to be pardoned.

LANG. Your brother is in a good humor this evening, Miss Julia?

JULIA. And he is calculated to put everyone else out of humor! But we will change the subject. [Crosses to the piano.] I have a good joke to tell you, gentlemen. The other evening, whilst executing some instrumental music for the delectation of some friends, I remember that I made the casual remark that I was wanting in one of Chopin's compositions. It was only a remark—nothing more—and yet, this evening, I have three copies of the selection. What a singular coincidence! Am I not plentifully supplied? Mr. Langton, do you know anything about this one?

LANG. I am afraid I do.

JULIA. Mr. Whiteford, I presume I am indebted to your thoughtfulness for this?

WHITE. I cannot deny it.

JULIA. And this other, I have no doubt, is from Mr. Travers. Gentlemen, you are exceedingly kind. I wonder if I will live long enough to repay you!

LANG. You can repay us now. May I not be bold enough to ask for some music?

JULIA. [Drumming on the piano keys.] You can be bold enough if you wish, but your boldness will be unrewarded. Am I not amiable and obliging? I do not feel particularly like playing, and I know neither of you would be cruel enough to ask it when I tell you that.

WHITE. Oh! certainly not! It would be an outrage!

JULIA. [Laughing.] Thank you! Mr. Whiteford, you are so very considerate.

Enter HERVEY, hastily, C.

HER. Pardon me, Miss Julia, for my rather hasty entrance; but the fact is, that nervous and excitable old gentleman—my father—is after me. My dear, good old father, as you may have heard, is suffering under the hallucination that something is going to happen me, and he hates to have me out of his sight. Consequently he is always on the "qui vive"—as the French say, but as I say, "key vivie"—for young Travers, and young Travers is on the key vivie for old Travers.

I have no doubt he is looking for me now, and if he discovers that I am here, not even the sanctity of this drawing-room will preserve me.

JULIA. Mr. Travers, I am glad you have arrived safely, at all events, and I hope [laughing] our house will afford you protection from your singular father. I was beginning to despair of your presence, and a pall of melancholy was settling upon us all, but now that you *are* here everything has a brighter aspect.

Enter BOLTER, puffing and blowing, C.

BOLT. Wha-wha-what! Where's my son? Oh! there he is! Beg pardon, Miss, for the intrusion, but I was forced to see my son immediately on important business—been hunting for him everywhere—just found out that he was here. Hervey! [Crosses R. to Hervey.] Hervey! You haven't proposed yet? Wha-wha-what?

HER. [Sulkily.] No; how could I?

BOLT. That's right, Hervey, my boy! That's right! Oh! how relieved I feel!

HER. Father, does it ever strike you—or even touch you—that, although the society of a pater to his filius is, for the most part—or at least now and then—quite desirable—supposing, of course, that he is an agreeable pater and willing to make his filius happy at any cost—yet, that there are times, now and then, when the society of the pater is much more pleasant to his filius when the pater is about five miles distant—which would be—let me see—[looking at his father's feet]—about—— Oh! well, you can figure it out yourself. I say, pater?

BOLT. You impudent young puppy! It is your own welfare I am looking after. Anything but ingratitude! Ingratitude! Ingratitude!

HER. You need a prompter, pater. Here's the way you should say it [assumes a tragic attitude]:

"Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty heart;
And in his"—ah, mantle—Oh! yes—
"And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great"—Travers—"fell."

Shakespeare! I say, pater, that's the way we actors do it!

BOLT. Silence! You hear me?

HER. Well—ah—yes; I think you have made a slight indentation in the tympanum of my right ear.

HUGH. Ju, that old gentleman is going to punish his little boy for being naughty. Hadn't you better interfere?

BOLT. Hervey, you are my only child. You are flesh of my flesh—though not mind of my mind; I have lavished my money upon you; you have never known what it is to want for anything—

HER. Except solitude.

BOLT. Wha-wha-what! What was that? — I have raised you and I am not going to let you now make an ass of yourself and an ass of me. Now sir, *I* am going to marry you —

HER. What! Marry me? Oh! bliss divine! I accept.

BOLT. Accept what?

HER. Accept your proposal of marriage, to be sure! I have always noticed you had an attachment for me, pater—and now since you've popped, why——

BOLT. Shut up! Why the boy's a fool! I say I propose to marry you to the girl of *my* choice—not of your's. Mind that! I propose to marry you to a fortune. You've gotten a fortune—or rather, will have one, when your poor father is dead—and fortune must marry fortune. That's business and common sense! Now, how must I accomplish my object? Why, by running after you, chasing after you, tearing after you, and *swearing* after you, to see that you don't make a fool of yourself and promise to marry some other fool! You cannot be five minutes in the presence of a petticoated and sugarcoated human being without wanting to marry her! I believe you would have asked that girl over there to marry you, if I had not arrived; not that she would be so bad after all, for rumor says Darrell is wealthy, but we cannot rely on rumor. Besides, you can do better. My son, if you go on in this way, you will bring my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave.

HER. You are bringing your heir in sorrow to the grave. But I say, pater, you had better get out of here! You have no right here! You have no invitation! You have never even been presented to the lady of the house!

BOLT. Hervey Travers, you are the most insolent man I know. If you were not my son, I'd—I'd—why, I'd knock you down!

HER. Well, then, there are some advantages, as well as disadvantages, to being your son. But I say, pater, you ought to know better than to run into a house in this manner, like an insane porpoise. This violent exercise may bring on a fit of apoplexy. Make your *adieux*, papa.

BOLT. I won't; I'll stay here, scoundrel!

HER. Scoundrel! I say, pater, that is not loving—that is not parental! So you won't go? [Pauses.] I say, pater, do you know Mr. Darrell?

BOLT. I do, sir; what of it?

HER. Oh! nothing—nothing. I say, Miss Julia, pardon my interrupting your conversation—but is your father at home?

JULIA. Papa is in the library, Mr. Travers.

HER. Thank you! Very fortunate, indeed—very fortunate! My father, Miss Julia—this is my father—father, Miss Darrell,—would like——

BOLT. Hervey!

HER. All right, father! Miss Julia says he is at home. My father is very desirous of seeing Mr. Darrell for a few moments, and if he is not especially engaged——

JULIA. [Crosses to table and strikes bell. Enter Betty C.] Papa will be only too happy. [To Betty.] Show this gentleman into the library. [Exit Betty and Bolter, L. U. E.]

HER. That was a delightful bit of strategy. Now for a few moments of pleasure and—peace. Pater will naturally be angry, but it is his business to look out; or, in other words, mind his business. Pater on the key vivie—ditto, filius.

Enter EHRTON C., JULIA crosses to him.

JULIA. I am so glad you have come! I hardly thought you would. How pale you look! [They come down, C.]

EHR. I have been working a little hard—that is all. I thought you would be alone to-night, Ju?

JULIA. These gentlemen are Hugh's friends you know, and, of course, I must entertain them. I forgot, you have not met any of them before, have you Rob? Why, how—sour, you look! [Laughs.] You ought not to be so selfish of my company, Rob!

EHR. How can I be anything else, Ju, when you are the dearest creature on earth to me! [To Hugh.] Good evening, Hugh! [Crosses to Hugh.]

JULIA. Rob, this is Mr. Langton—this is Mr. Whiteford and this is Mr. Travers; gentlemen, Mr. Ehrton! [They exchange salutations.] Rob, I was just considering the feasibility of taking a walk on the grounds. Mr. Langton tells me the moon is up. Can't I have your permission and—company? [Ehrton offers her his arm.] Thank you, Rob, but really I have promised these gentlemen. [Takes the proffered arms of Langton and Whiteford.] But you will come, too, I know.

[Exeunt Langton, Julia, Whiteford and Hervey C.]

HUGH. [Starting up.] Rob, I did not think my sister could be guilty of such rudeness to you! I shall fetch her back! [Going.]

EHR. Stop, Hugh! You have nothing to do with your sister's conduct!

HUGH. [Returning.] Haven't I? She has plenty to do with mine, and it is a poor rule that will not work both ways. [Resuming his position on the sofa.]

EHR. [Aside.] Am I a man and can I brook this even from the woman I love? Yes, I am a man, and will act like one! [To Hugh.] Never mind, Hugh; this is my affair—not your's; we will talk of something else. [Seating himself L. C.] You are not going to the city to-night?

HUGH. Oh! yes I am; I have promised Langton to run down for a couple of hours or so; I am to meet some of his friends at the "C. C."

EHR. At the "C. C"? Where is that?

HUGH. (Laughing) What an innocent you are, Rob! Know, then, that the "C. C." are the mystic letters of the Convivial Club.

EHR. Convivial Club! Yes, I know what that means. Hugh, you are disgracing yourself. When are these dissipations to end? How long do you think you can keep your habits from being known?

That —— Langton, who is he? To be frank with you, I do not like him.

HUGH. That is because you have formed a prejudice against him. He is a first-rate fellow—junior partner of "Langton & Son" in the city, who do some sort of a large business or other. I have asked him out here several times, and he has been polite enough to accept. Now, he is spending a few weeks in the town—runs into the city every day you know, like myself. Whiteford, his companion, does the same. He is employed in Langton's house, I believe, and is a very decent fellow.

EHR. Why don't you fall in love, Hugh?

HUGH. [Startled.] In love? How you frightened me! Don't do that again, Rob—my nerves are not strong enough. What a faculty you have of making relevant remarks!

EHR. The remark was relevant enough, though you may not think so. [Earnestly.] It is the greatest blessing that could possibly happen you. The love of a pure, noble, worthy girl, I firmly believe, would make of you a different man. [Hugh laughs.] Do not laugh —I mean it! A man with a heart like yours would have to give itself wholly to the object of its love. Love—holy, sacred, mutual love—brings out all that is good—all that is noble, in a man's nature. I have as many failings as most men, Hugh, yet I feel that if I were to do a dishonorable thing the vision of your sister would rise before me!

HUGH. Rob, you talk like a book! You have not studied this, have you? You ought to have chosen the pulpit—not the bar. It is your forte. Love! Well, now, to be serious, I have never seen any woman that I could love in the delightful way you speak of; and, besides, love is not always productive of goodness; sometimes, quite the reverse. More than once I have seen an *angel* of a woman make a *devil* of a man! Yes, one of your pure, noble women! I don't say it was their fault—at least, not always—but I have seen it, and more than once. A man falls in love with a beautiful and lovely woman; she may not be kind enough to fall in love with *him;* or, loving him, if you will, she may trifle with him out of the insatiable desire women have to worry men; and I have seen that man—who before was steady, good, and even virtuous—on account of that woman—who, in all probability, is not worth his little finger—plunge headlong into the most fearful excesses, and drag through the few remaining years of his life in hopeless misery! Whew! Your eloquence is contagious! Love will do for poets to rhyme over, but none for me—if you please. I am too timid to take the risk.

EHR. And have you never seen a man reformed by the woman he loved?

HUGH. W-e-ll—sometimes, but not often. And here is another idea: a man that needs reforming may destroy the happiness of the woman who is to do the reforming. What right has he to try the experiment? Now it is different with you, Rob. Oh! yes it is!—you

always were a noble fellow. Don't be so modest! Why, when we were at the university together you were always successful with your studies, always popular, and always as steady as a Philadelphia Quaker, whilst I was—well, I didn't amount to anything. We left there. You concentrated all your energies, launched your boat in legal seas, and are now the Nestor of the Somerville bar, besides being not unknown in the city; whilst I—if I have made any movement, it has been in a retrograde direction. It is true I am associated with my father, who is a wealthy man in a prosperous business, but even that is not of my doing. I'm afraid, Rob, our destinies are cut out for us, and it is useless for us to try to "rough hew them," as the poet says.

EHR. You take much too gloomy a view of life, Hugh. You have as bright a prospect as anyone.

Enter JULIA, LANGTON and WHITEFORD, C.

JULIA. Why did you not come with us, Rob? We missed you ever so much. But I suppose you prefer the society of my agreeable brother. We have had a delightful stroll. The moon is at the full, and when in that interesting condition and favored with such company as I have had, the moments fly like seconds. Gentlemen, I hope my compliments will not go to your heads!

LANG. We certainly have had a very pleasant walk, Miss Julia, thanks to your presence! I am only sorry that it cannot be prolonged, but Mr. Whiteford and myself will have to ask you to excuse us, as we have promised your brother to accompany him to the city this evening. Perhaps he will take the hint and release us from our engagement?

WHITE. What do you say, Hugh? Won't you accommodate us?

HUGH. Very pretty, indeed! Not at all flattering to me. No, sir, I will not! If you had as much of the society of my sister as I am blessed with, you might not find it so difficult to tear yourselves away. So come along, gentlemen! [Going.] Good night, Rob! Good night, Ju! Be a good girl and learn to be more—amiable in the absence of strangers as well as when they are present. Tell father I return in the eleven train. [C.] Hello! Here he is himself!

Enter DARRELL and BOLTER, L. U. E.

DAR. Where are you going, Hugh?

HUGH. To the city for a little while with these gentlemen. I return about eleven. [Exit C.]

JULIA. [To Langton and Whiteford.] Do not forget next Wednesday morning—Farber Farm!

LANG. You may depend upon me, Miss Julia. I shall order a hay-fork to-morrow if you think it necessary.

WHITE. And I will satiate myself with the readings of some Agricultural Reports. We bid you good evening!

[Exeunt Lang. and White. C.]

Enter MRS. DARRELL, L. C. E.

MRS. DAR. [Crosses to Dar.] I thought Hugh was to remain home this evening?

DAR. Our boy needs watching. I'm afraid his habits are becoming more unsteady every day. He always was a spoiled child; it is our duty to see that he does not become a bad man. I fear we have been too indulgent, Margaret. [To Bolter, who is going.] You are not going so soon, Mr. Travers? Allow me to present you to my wife.

BOLT. Delighted to meet you, Madam, [bowing]. Yes. Darrell, I must look after that boy of mine.

JULIA. Why, Mr. Travers, is he such a child?

BOLT. Such a child! Well—no. But you see, my dear Miss Darrell, he is my only child; he is the only remnant of my family; the only solace of a fond father.

JULIA.—But he has not gone yet, Mr. Travers!

BOLT.—Not gone yet! Then where is he, my dear young lady? Oh! where is he? He did not say anything to you—that is, anything especially, did he?

JULIA. Say anything especially? Bless me! how unnecessarily excited you are, Mr. Travers! He is on the lawn smoking, I believe.

BOLT. [Goes to C.] Hervey! Wha-wha-what! Hervey! Wha-wha-what! Hervey!

HER. [Outside.] Key vivie!

BOLT. [Angrily.] Wha-wha-what! [Exit C.]

JULIA. What an eccentric old gentleman, Pops! [Laughs.]

DAR. His eccentricity takes a good form anyhow—looking after the movements of his son. [To Mrs. Dar.] Margaret, will you read me that article in the "Herald" now?

MRS. DAR. Certainly, dear, if you wish it.

[Exit Mr. and Mrs. Dar. L. U. E.]

EHR. [Crossing to Julia.] Ju, what have I done that you should treat me in the way you did this evening?

JULIA. [With affected surprise.] In what way?

EHR. Do not affect ignorance—do not be frivolous! I repeat it, what have I done that you should treat me as you did?

JULIA. And I repeat it—in what way? You will pardon me too, Rob, if I inquire by what right do you interrogate me?

EHR. By the sacred right of the accepted love of a true man!

JULIA. And you are the true man? True—you are a man, aren't you, Rob? I had not observed it before. [Stepping back and eyeing him.] Just exactly like a man, too; one might almost believe it was real! [Laughing.] Well, what was it you were saying, Rob? I forget just what it was.

EHR. [Seizing her hand.] Julia, you cannot evade me by this affectation. What I am saying is simple, and you understand it. I am not one of those namby-pamby fools that have been capering around

you this evening. You cannot waive me aside by a gesture. I love you, and you have given me this hand, as this ring will show [kissing it], and I ask you again what you meant by your conduct this evening?

JULIA. J-e-a-l-o-u-s, jealous! [Spelling it and counting it on her fingers.] A little word of seven letters! Poor Rob!

EHR. Will you answer me, Ju?

JULIA. Will I answer you? Oh, certainly! Let me see—what do you wish me to say?

EHR. I want to know if you think your conduct this evening has been consistent with that of a woman who has solemnly promised a man to become his wife?

JULIA. I think the conduct of Miss Darrell this evening, as on every other evening, has been consistent with the pleasure of Miss Darrell, who is the only person to be considered in the matter.

EHR. You think so?

JULIA. Assuredly I do, Mr. Ehrton. It will be time enough when I shall be no longer Julia Darrell, for Mr. Ehrton to dictate his commands, enforce his wishes, and ventilate his jealousies, when—

EHR. Ju!

JULIA. Don't interrupt me, sir! *That* is very improper conduct! When he will have gotten a slave to his likes and dislikes, whose amiability and temper he will have found impossible to ruffle, by his manly conduct, may he begin his strictures, his lectures and his delightful exhibitions of temper; but until then, I ask that I be spared them—until then, I am free.

EHR. Free? Free till then? Did you say *free*, Ju? [Pauses.] And after that, captivity? Is that what I am to understand? [Pauses.] If so—Miss Darrell, you need never be my captive; keep your freedom!

JULIA. You are very kind, sir; more than I had a right to expect; I hope it will not go unrewarded. There is your ring! [Throwing it at his feet.]

EHR. I never was insulted by a lady before—I never will be again. [Picking up the ring and tossing it away from him.] I never believed you capable of this. Good evening—Miss Darrell! [Exit C.]

JULIA. [C.] He is gone! Well, let him go! He is gone! Where? Away from me! What then? He is hateful! No, he is not! I never loved him! You did! Rob! [Going up C.] He is gone! You have driven him away, you proud, foolish girl! You have driven away the only man you ever loved! Rob! I was wrong! Rob! come back! You are true and noble, Rob! I am weak, false and bad! Rob! Come back! I love you! He is gone—gone forever! [Dropping into a chair L. C. sobbing.] Gone! [Suddenly.] I do not care if he has gone! Julia Darrell, you are a fool—weeping for a man who never loved you—who does not love you now! Would he fly away in this way if he did? Just because I was a little—rude! It's a happy riddance! You do not mean what you say! I do! I am free now [forcing a laugh], free as the ocean bird! By one daring stroke, Miss

Julia Darrell, you have thrown off the shackles of that despotic tyrant, Mr. Robert Ehrton! Words—words—I cannot deceive myself! I cannot deceive this foolish heart!

Enter HERVEY, C., looking around.

HER. Pater on the key vivie—ditto, filius. I wonder if Pater has scented me! [Seeing Julia.] Miss Julia! I did not know you were in the room. [Seating himself by her.] Why, you have been crying, or —or—laughing very hard? You're laughing now? I say, Miss Julia, will you—will you—marry—

Enter BOLTER hastily, C.

BOLT. Wha-wha-what!

HER. [Not noticing him.] Will you marry—*soon*, Miss Julia? I am told your wedding is fixed at an early day. Hope you won't think me impertinent for asking?

JULIA. I have no idea when I shall be married, Mr. Travers, if ever.

HER. No idea? No idea when you will be married? But I thought—do I understand—that is—I say?

BOLT. Hervey! Come with me! [Taking his arm and rushing him off C.]

JULIA. Another time I might laugh at them. Why cannot I do it now? It is because my heart is sad—it is because my heart is sad—t is because my heart is breaking! [Exit R. S. E.]

PAUSE.

Enter BETTY, C.

BETTY. Everyone gone? Well, I think it is time—half-past eleven o'clock! Mr. Hugh is not home yet. I hope there is nothing the matter with him. Isn't it awful, the way Mr. Hugh acts sometimes? And he is so good and kind! I'm awful afraid his father will find him out. I'd do anything for Mr. Hugh. I have fooled some people in this house before, and set their prying eyes in the wrong direction. Oh, isn't it awful! [Exit R. S. E.]

Enter HUGH, intoxicated, LANGTON and WHITEFORD, C.

HUGH. A-ll-r-i-ght! [Langton leads Hugh to a chair, R. C. Langton and Whiteford come down the stage.]

LANG. He is just in the right condition—shall we try?

WHITE. Yes, let us try. He can never recollect anything now. But we must make haste. Suppose any one should come! [Goes to the C. and returns.] If they do, we can say we found him in this condition, and brought him home. Can you work him?

LANG. I think I can. [Crosses to Hugh, Whiteford goes to C. entrance.] Hugh, Frank and I must be going and you must retire. But before we go, I want you to sign that roll of membership.

HUGH. Mem-er-ship? What's—mem-er-ship?

LANG. Don't you recollect your proposition to become enrolled among the members of the C. C.?

HUGH. [Brightening up.] C. C.? Oh, yes—I see. You see—I see? [Laughs discordantly.] A-ll r-i-ght! Where—is—it?

LANG. [Takes check-book from his pocket and tears off a check.] Here it is, Hugh. Let us go to the secretary. [Leads him there. To Whiteford.] I can fill in the body of the check after we get the signature. The signature is all we want. Is any one coming?

WHITE. [C.] No one, I think. The servants have not yet retired. They are below. Hurry!

LANG. [Taking a sheet of paper from the secretary.] I will place this over the top of the check so that he cannot possibly suspect. [To Hugh.] Here it is, Hugh! [Fixing it on the secretary.] Sign here—"Joshua Darrell."

HUGH. Joshua—Darrell? A-ll r-i-ght! [Proceeds to sign and stops suddenly.] Joshua—Darrell? Why, that—is—not—my—name! That's—my—father's name!

WHITE. Look out! Langton! He is not as drunk as you think.

LANG. [To Hugh.] Of course it's your father's name, Hugh. According to the rules of the C. C. all members sign their fathers' names. It is only a matter of form, you know. We all did it, didn't we, Frank?

WHITE. [Laughing.] Oh! certainly, all of us.

HUGH. A-ll r-i-ght! If it's—she—custom—a-ll r-i-ght! Only, I never sign my father's name—except—in—business—but I sphose—shis—is business. Where—mus—I—sign?

LANG. Here. [Hugh signs.] Now we are all right! [Taking the check!] You are one of us now, old boy! Frank, "Keno!" We ought to call a servant to attend to him; if found in this condition, it might reflect on us. [Laughing.] However, I presume, he has been seen too often in this way to raise any suspicion that virtuous young men like us had tempted him. Good-night, Hugh! Go to bed, old fellow! See you in the morning! [Going.]

WHITE. Harry, you have forgotten to give me the check!

LANG. Oh! I'll give it to you, but let us get out of here first!

WHITE. Harry Langton! What does this mean? Our agreement was, that I was to have the check—*now*. Give it to me!

LANG. Why, hang it! Frank! What difference does it make? Come on or we will miss the late train! [Going.]

WHITE. Langton! Stop! Give me that check!

HUGH. Check? Wha—you fellows—talkin'—about? I thought—you—had—gone. Check?

LANG. [To Whiteford.] Fool! See what you have done! Come on.

WHITE. I will not until you give me that check!

LANG. Then stay, idiot! [Exit C.]

WHITE. Henry Langton, do you take me for a fool? I might have known this; I suspected he was not acting fairly. Oh! I know you

now, Henry Langton! I know you, too, John Dobson! I see your idea! I am to assist you to rob this man and get nothing for my pains? I cannot do either of you any harm, of course? I am a partner in the crime, am I? My oath is no better than your's? You feel perfectly secure, do you? But if I could— [Pauses.] Yes, I'll do that! A glorious idea! I have it now! I may not be able to show you up to be the cunning villains that you are, but I believe I can call "checkmate" to this move! [Looks around; takes a piece of paper from his pocket and writes upon it.] Where will I leave it? [Sees secretary.] On the secretary! He will see it there—in the morning! That will be time enough, if he acts upon it. [Places it on the secretary.] I must wake up Hugh! It will never do for him to sit here all night. [Shakes him.] Hugh, you must go to bed immediately! Good night! [Exit C.]

HUGH. A-ll r-i-ght, Langton! Good—night! Seems—to—me that—is—the—second time—those—fellows—said—good—night. Can't—find—she—way—out—I sphose. Mus—go—myshelf—cause—I—said—would—retire—early. [Exit R. S. E., unsteadily.]

Enter BETTY, C.

BETTY. I don't believe Mr. Hugh is coming home at all. Oh! isn't it awful! Heavens! [Picks up Hugh's hat.] Here is his hat. Well, how did he get in? I must have been asleep. But David ought to have heard. Oh! isn't it awful! We might all be robbed and murdered and burned to death on account of that awful David!

Enter DARRELL, L. U. E., in his dressing-gown.

DAR. Bless my soul! Is this you, Betty? What are you doing up this hour of the night, hey?

BETTY. [Attempting to hide the hat.] Why—I—that is—

DAR. What's the matter with the girl! Has Mr. Hugh returned?

BETTY. Oh, yes indeed, long ago.

DAR. He did, hey? What on earth is the matter with you? What is that you have there? [Taking the hat from her.] Hugh's hat! Why, where is he?

BETTY. He is in bed where you ought to be! [Exit C.]

DAR. A warm-hearted girl, if she is a little impudent! I see how it is—that boy is ruining himself. How do I know what he does these nights in the city! Evil-tongued rumor has reached me. Poor boy! Poor father! Oh, you foolish, indulgent fathers, do you never think when you are overlooking the faults of prattling children you are watering the roots of what may one day be a mighty tree! [Sees note on secretary.] What's this! A note addressed to me! Why, how did it get here? [Opens and reads.] "Joshua Darrell, Esq., Dear Sir: Withdraw your deposit immediately from Altherson & Co. A Friend." Why, what does this mean! [Going to C. entrance.] Betty! [Enter, BETTY C.]

DAR. Who put this note on that secretary?

BETTY. I don't know sir! Oh! isn't it awful!

DAR. Then you may retire.

BETTY. I wonder if any horrible burglar was in here! Oh! isn't it awful! [Exit C.]

DAR. (C.) A friend? That is very doubtful—very. I do not like these anonymous correspondents. I'll do it, though! It can do no harm, and it is always better to be on the safe side. [Crosses to secretary, sits and writes.] I wonder if that girl has retired yet! [Crosses to C. entrance.] Betty!

Enter BETTY, C., petulantly.

DAR. Where is David?

BETTY. In bed, sir; so is every one else, sir, and that's where you told me to go, sir!

DAR. Don't be saucy, girl! Have him roused at once. Tell him to fetch this to the telegraph office and have it dispatched immediately. [Giving her dispatch.] Now don't say anything, but do as I tell you.

BETTY. I—I—Oh! isn't it awful! [Exit C.]

DAR. [Crosses L. C.] Yes, there can certainly be no harm in doing it; it may be a friendly warning after all, but who from?

Enter HUGH, R. S. E., unsteadily.

HUGH. Wonder—what—they—have—done—with—my—room!

DAR. What Hugh! What are you doing here? Hugh! [Crosses R. C. and discovers his state.] Ugh! My God! The man is drunk! Before my very eyes! Is that my son? My son! My only son! In a condition like—that! I had hints of this but I could not believe it! I clung to the doubts, oh! so fondly! I heard he was reckless—was wild—but that he could be capable of that—*never!* Hugh! No! I must not let him see me! I could not bear to let him know that his father is looking at him! Oh! that I should live to see a day like this! [Suddenly indignant.] I'll put him out of the house! I'll cast him out! That is no son of mine! Mine is an honorable family, and they that are unworthy of it must be cast out! [Going to him.] No—I cannot. He is my son—my flesh and blood—my promising lad—my curly-haired boy—my laughing baby! I cannot be a stern parent! I cannot pluck out this foolish love from my heart, and—do my duty. It must be my fault—it must be my fault. [Falls into chair C.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Farber Farm.—Farm house, R. Fence running across stage, back, with practical hay behind. Rustic bridge, L. C. back. Quantity of hay, L. C.

Enter FARBER and ELIZABETH from house, R.

FAR. [C.] Well, Liz, I'm off to work. What a glorious day! a glorious day! The very kind of a day to make John Farber feel young again! Hey, Liz? I'm a boy again, Liz!

ELIZ. You have an old look, John, for a boy—an old head on young shoulders, perhaps.

FAR. Ha! ha! ha! [Chucking her under the chin.] Joking your little Johnny, are you? Well, yes—I'm not a bud—that's so! I'm a full blown flower, Liz? Hey, Liz?

ELIZ. Judging by that face, John, I should say you were a blush-rose.

FAR. Elizabeth! [In feigned sternness.] Such language to me! Remember who I am! I am master here! No undue levity with me, woman! I am your better-half. Answer me that—am I not your better-half?

ELIZ. You are my—demi-john.

FAR. I'll surrender. Well, I must be off to get to work on our hay. Alice tells me some folks from Darrell's are coming over this morning on some sort of a pic-nic. Wonder where Ike is! [Looking off L. C.] Oh! there he is in the barn getting the mower out. [Crossing L.] Ike! put Jim and Bill in that machine, will you! I'll want Doll myself! [Crosses C.] Good boy, that, Wifey! Never had a better. I've had Haskins most a year now, and he has never given me any trouble. Takes to farming like a duck to water! I don't always have to be telling *him* what to do; he knows what to do as well as I do. All the hands mind him, too. Mind him? Why, they respect him! Speaking of Ike, Liz, I want to know if you have noticed anything particular about him lately?

ELIZ. Anything particular about him? No, I haven't.

FAR. No? Well, after that, Liz, don't you ever boast of feminine sagacity—womanly instinct—and all that sort of thing; they haven't got any!

ELIZ. Who hasn't, John Farber?

FAR. You—she—her—and the whole female tribe! Why, here was I, half the time in the field, and yet I wasn't so dull that I couldn't see that Ike Haskins was in love with our Alice.

ELIZ. [Laughing] Oh! pshaw! Ike in love with Alice? You poor, deluded old—*young* man, I mean!

FAR. You don't believe it then? That's just like a woman; doesn't believe it, because she didn't find it out herself. Liz, do you remember the time I courted you?

ELIZ. Indeed I do. [With a mock sigh.]

FAR. That sigh is of course for me. Generous in you, Liz—very generous. I remember it very well—painfully so. I used to go over to your house after supper and work was done—and what a time I had getting ready—brushing my hair, fixing my collar and coat, and greasing my shoes! Well, I'd go over, and there you'd be, sitting just as sweet and nice as you could make yourself—for you knew when I was coming—yes, you did, Liz!—and you'd be a-knittin' and a-knittin' and a-knittin' away for dear life;—and your old man—beg your pardon Liz, I mean, your father—'ud be sittin' by the fireplace, smokin'. Well, I'd sit down beside you, Liz, and keep quiet for a while, studyin' for somthing to say—and you wouldn't help a fellow a bit—that's the way with you girls—*young* girls, I mean—of course; presently I'd get in a remark about the weather. That wouldn't last very long, for no matter how much you talk about the weather—its a subject that won't last. By-me-by, I'd get brave and say something sweet to you, and you'd raise your eyes, kind of startled like, and then I'd turn round, like as if I was shot, and give that old man of your's—paternal parent I mean—such a blast about threshin' and sowin' and ploughin' and plantin' that he wouldn't nod again for ten minutes. Oh! I was in a fearful way then, Liz! Now do you know, I think that's what's the matter with Ike?

ELIZ. You may be right, John; but Alice, kind and gentle as she is to him, will not encourage him in anything like love. Besides, he is not the man for our Alice. Remember, John, that Alice is—

JOHN. [Placing his hand over her mouth.] Hush!

Enter IKE, L., with a bridle.

FAR. Everything ready, Ike?

IKE. Yes, sir; the hands are in the meadows, but gol darn that Jim horse, he's broken this bridle, and I'll have to fix it, gol darn it! [Goes up L.]

FAR. Liz., blow your horn at noon and Farber Farm will take its dinner. Have something for the visitors, too, if they put in an appearance. [Exit L. U. E.]

Enter ALICE from house, R.

ALICE. What put it into Ju's head to come over in such a queer way! It is just like her, though. Who can be coming with her! [Sees Ike.] Ike!

IKE. [Surprised.] Miss Alice! Gol darn my skins! ef I knowed you was here!

ALICE. [Crossing to him.] What did you say, Ike?

IKE. I said I didn't know you was here.

ALICE. But Ike, that is not all you said—you said—"gol darn!"

IKE. Wall, ef I didn't, I'll be gol darn—

ALICE. [Stamping her foot.] Ike Haskins! How dare you! Such

an expression in the presence of a lady! [Ike looks penitent.] Ike, I did not intend to offend you, but you know how often I have told you that you must be more attentive to your manners, for your own sake, as well as for—mine.

IKE. For your's? [Incredulously.]

ALICE. Certainly, Ike; I know you are a gentleman at heart, and I want you to be one in your appearance and manners.

IKE. [Disappointed.] Oh! I thought it was something like that. Miss Alice, I'd do anything fur you, and you know it. Of course I'm rough and ain't fit to be here *lookin'* at you, let alone talkin' to you. When you're near me, Miss Alice, I always feel kinder different like—feel as is if, Miss Alice—I'd—I'd—

ALICE. Is not this a lovely day, Ike?

IKE. Lovely day? Miss Alice—I—I—yes, of course, it's a purty day.

ALICE. See how bright and fresh all nature looks!

IKE. [Looking at her.] Yes, I—I—see.

ALICE. But you're not looking. What are you waiting here for, Ike?

IKE. Why, ain't—you—here? I mean, I have to mend this here harness. That Jim horse, gol—[checked by Alice's finger.]

ALICE. I stopped that in time. Now, Ike, I have something to tell you: Miss Julia Darrell, with some of her friends, are coming to the farm to-day, to help us with the hay.

IKE. [Astonished.] Miss—Julia—Darrell—and—some—friends! Help us? [Laughing boisterously.]

ALICE. Ike, if I were you, I would not laugh in that manner. There is no music in it. You must cultivate a musical laugh.

IKE. Wall, I reckon I won't cultivate no musical laugh, as you call it. I reckon I'll laugh the nat'ral way.

ALICE. The best way too! Be natural in everything except—your manners. Now, do not be offended at what I am going to say: I want you to appear at your best before our visitors, because, you know, I am very proud of you.

IKE. Miss Alice, you oughtn't to make fun of me that way. It ain't kind.

ALICE. Make fun of you? No, indeed, I mean what I say. Why should I not be proud of you? Anyone might be proud of you, Ike!

IKE. Wall, I'll be——

ALICE. A well-behaved young man. That is what you were going to say.

IKE. Yes, that's what I was goin' to say. What put it into the head of that—young lady—to do this? I never heerd of the like.

ALICE. [Musingly.] Oh! its one of Ju's freaks. Julia is nothing if she is not original. She delights in doing odd things, and actually snaps her fingers in the face of Mrs. Grundy. But I love her for all that. She is impetuous and proud, it is true; but, under it all, there is her warm, loving disposition.

IKE. Who are you a-talkin' to, Miss Alice? I don't understand a word you're sayin'—you're awful smart.

ALICE. Don't be foolish, Ike! When I first went to boarding school, Ike, she was the only friend I had there; the other girls [laughing] used to turn up their pretty noses and wonder why the proud, the haughty, the queenly, Julia Darrell, took such an interest in poor little me!

IKE. They did! Gol darn my skins! dern if I wouldn't——

ALICE. [Stopping her ears.] What horrible language! I'll be afraid to trust myself with you if you go on like this! Why, here they come already! Don't forget your manners, Ike.

Enter JULIA, LANGTON, WHITEFORD, HERVEY, HUGH and BETTY, over the bridge singly, L. C. BOLTER timidly following.

JULIA. [Crossing to Alice.] My dear little field Daisy! [Kissing her.] You dear little soul! [Kissing her again.] I couldn't stay away another minute! [Kissing her again.] So over I came, and here I am according to my promise! I've brought my troupe along. Don't be embarrassed, Daisy—I never am! These gentlemen are all perfectly harmless. It's you that are dangerous! Yes, you are Daisy! [Kissing her again.] Gentlemen, this is the dearest friend I have in the world—except, of course, Mr. Langton, there—and Mr. Whiteford—and Mr. Travers. Now for formalities! [Introducing.] Mr. Langton—Miss Farber! He is awful nice, Daisy. Are you not, Mr. Langton? This is Mr. Whiteford—a sort of a modern Apollo. When he looks at you as he is looking now, he has no mercy. [To Whiteford.] Please do not look in that way, Mr. Whiteford. This is Mr. Hervey Travers. Do look at the lovely way he fixes his hair! Why don't you blush, Mr. Travers? [Aside to Daisy.] He'll ask you to marry him inside of ten minutes—he can't help it! [Aloud.] This is—[looking at Bolter]—why, who is this? Oh! yes, this is Mr. Bolter Travers, the father of the last-mentioned gentleman, Daisy! He is here to look after the welfare of his son. [To Bolter.] How did you get here, Mr. Travers? Never mind, you are here, and we will have to put up with you—now you need not think I'm rude—for I'm not! Well, that is all. Oh! no, here is my brother Hugh. [To Hugh.] I did not ask you to come, and you had no right to do so.

HUGH. Invited myself, and if Miss Farber has no objection——

ALICE. I am sure, Mr. Darrell, you are very welcome, and so are you all, gentlemen. [To Ike who is slinking away.] Ike! [Telegraphing signals to him. He comes forward.] Julia—Mr. Haskins. Miss Darrell—Ike. [Aside to him.] Why don't you bow?

IKE. Wall I'll be gol— [Bowing awkwardly.]

ALICE. [Aside to him.] Take off your hat. Gentlemen—Mr. Haskins. [Aside to him.] Bow again.

IKE. Wall I'll be— [Bowing awkwardly.]

HER. What did you say the gentleman's name was, Miss? I say?

ALICE. Mr. Haskins.

HER. I beg pardon? I say?

IKE. Ike Haskins, you dern fool!

ALICE. Ike!

IKE. [Confused.] I mean—that is—I—gol darn! No, I don't mean that—I mean my name is Ike—Ike Haskins.

HER. [Aside to others.] A fine specimen of the genus rural! I say? [They laugh.]

IKE. [Aside to Alice.] Them loonatics are laughin' at me. If it wasn't for you, Alice, I'd bust that young "I say" over the head.

ALICE. [Aside to him.] For the love of Heaven, Ike, don't behave so!

Enter FARBER L. U. E.

FAR. Good morning, Miss Darrell! [Shaking hands with her.] So you thought you would come over and give me a little help? Well, now, that is kind! We need it, too; may have rain in a day or two, and then where is John Farber's hay? "Make hay while the sun shines" is a good motto, even for farmers.

JULIA. Mr. Farber, you are ever so good. We wanted—at least I did—to have a good time. The mornings are so stupid at home, and I suggested this way of spending one of them—and these gentlemen always obey me. I want fun!

FAR. Fun? Well, there is plenty of fun in it; we won't put you to very hard work at first. I must give you all a trial before I employ you. How do I know your labor is worth anything? Those gentlemen's hands do not look as if they had handled a fork much.

JULIA. But we are very willing, Mr. Farber. Just show us the place where the hay grows!

IKE. Hay grows! [Laughing loudly and checking himself upon a look from Alice.]

FAR. The meadow, you mean. I have several of them, but you don't want a whole meadow? There is a strip [pointing back] running along there—what do you say to trying it? The grass is all cut, and you only have to turn it. Alice, show them the way.

JULIA. Oh! Mr. Farber, you are such a nice man! Come along, Daisy! Come along, gentlemen!

[Exeunt Julia and Daisy, L. U. E.]

LANG. [Aside to Whiteford.] I suppose we must be content to be made fools of, Frank, but it is all a means to an end. I gave Dobson the check yesterday, and he will have it presented to-day. What made you so confoundedly stubborn the night before last?

WHITE. I think the question is more applicable to you. I trusted you and you deceived me, and I believe you to be deceiving me this very moment.

LANG. Frank Whiteford! you are a simpleton! We are both in the same boat! We sink or float together! Don't you see that I am tied to you in this matter? Did you suppose I would have taken you in my confidence if I had not trusted you? But we must follow this crazy girl. Hugh is all right.

[Exeunt Langford and Whiteford L. C.]

BETTY. [C.] What a nice farm this is, Mr. Haskins!

IKE. [L.] Now, look yer, young woman, don't you go "misterin" me. My name is Ike—Ike Haskins—and it isn't such a gol darn hard name to git around that you have to go and stick "mister" in front of it! I don't pull in no such harness, I tell you!

BETTY. Don't you think this is a nice farm—Ike?

IKE. [Aside.] This young woman don't know what she is talkin' about. [Aloud.] Certainly I do—don't you?

BETTY. Indeed, I do, Ike, [crossing nearer to him]. You needn't call me *Miss* Betty unless—you want to.

IKE. [Aside.] Gol darn my skins! if this don't skeer me! [Aloud.] Wall, I haven't called you *Miss* Betty, have I? I haven't called you anything that I knows on.

BETTY. N-n-o, but you might if—you wanted to. You can call me —Betty—if—you want to.

IKE. [Aside.] Wall, I'll be— [Aloud.] Look yer! Betty!—there is one thing I will say; I ain't on this place only fur ornament. I have got work fur to do, and work fur to do now.

BETTY. But you don't have to work—all the time, do you, Ike? I think it is so much nicer here than with the ladies and gentlemen; I don't like to be with a crowd; I only like to be with one or two, if they're nice and agreeable; sometimes, I only like—one—for company, don't you, Ike?

IKE. [Aside.] Now here's a city gal fur ye, Ike Haskins, and she could larn you suthin'! That's the very way you ought to talk to Miss Alice! [Aloud.] Wall, now, see here, Betty, what do you want with me ennyhow?

BETTY. What do I want with you? I only want to talk to you, and for you to talk—to me.

IKE. Yes. I knowed that—but we've gone and done that already, and—

BETTY. We can talk some more—just a little. As I was saying, this is a nice farm—and I like a farm—and I like farmers, too; at least, some of them. I would like to live on a farm too. Have you—got—a farm?

IKE. Fur you to live on? Wall, I haven't got one convenient just now. What do you know about a farm ennyhow? Bet yer don't know a pumpkin from a turnip! Say do you know I'm in—what they call love—already?

BETTY. [Delightedly.] Yes?

IKE. Yes—sir! My gal is over yonder in that crowd too, and, gol darn my skins! if she don't get pesky mad if I stay away from her enny longer! [Exit L. U. E.]

BETTY. [C.] In love already! Why, there's nobody there except Miss Julia and Miss Alice! He ain't in love with Miss Julia! I should rather guess not. He ain't in love with—can it be the Daisy? [Laughing.] Oh! no, it can't be. But it must be! Daisy Farber!

Well, who would have thought that countryman had such conceit in him! Then he won't fall in love with me? [Angrily.] Very well, Mr. Haskins—very well! Who asked you to? Who wanted you to? There's them that will—plenty of them! and not country fools like you either! There's James—our city milkman—and there's—there's—let me see— Oh! there's plenty of them! Leaving me here alone, too! Isn't it awful! That's country manners, for you! But I won't be alone—I won't stay alone! [Exit L. U. E.]

Enter ALICE C.

ALICE. Where can Ike be? I believe he must have hidden himself.

Enter HERVEY C.

HER. Pater on the key vivie——ditto filius! Left pater describing circles about a hay stack. He thought he would find me in the circumference if he went around often enough. [Seeing Alice.] By George! here's the little farmer's daughter! Miss Julia calls her the "field daisy," and it is appropriate. She is a daisy, isn't she? Isn't she sweet! Hervey Travers, there is the only girl in the world to make you happy!

BOLT. [Outside.] Hervey! Wha-wha-what!

HER. Pater! Hervey, better be on the key vivie! [Enter Ike L. U. E.] Daisy! [Advancing.] I mean—Miss—Miss—what is her name?

ALICE. Mr. Travers!

HER. No, not Mr. Travers. Hervey—simply, Hervey! I say Daisy—or Miss, whatever your name is—will you marry me?

IKE. [Crossing to them.] Will she marry ye? Well, I reckon not! Why you derned, blasted, redheaded monkey, gol darn my skins! if I don't— [Alice catches Ike's arm. Enter Bolter L. U. E.]

HER. "Rustics" on the key vivie, too!

BOLT. [To Ike.] That's right, my fine fellow! Give him a thrashing—he deserves it, he deserves it! I know what he's been doing! Thrash him! Thrash him, I tell you!

ALICE. Gentlemen, this is scandalous! I think you all forget that you are in the presence of a lady. [To Hervey.] I think your sincerity has gotten the better part of your discretion, and that discretion for Mr. Haskins, would be the better part of valor. Ike, I insist, that you apologize to Mr. Travers for your unpardonable conduct! [Ike looks rebellious.] Ike! I insist upon it!

HER. Never mind, Miss, I don't want any apology—quite too much trouble to accept. But, I say, you might make my pater—my father there—apologize? Pater, I insist that you apologize to—Miss ——.

ALICE. Farber.

HER. Miss Farber and—myself.

ALICE. None is necessary, I think, Mr. Travers, but if there was, I

am inclined to believe the son, as well as the father, would be included. If you will permit me we will join the rest; here they come now!

[They all go up the stage except Ike. Julia, Langton, Whiteford, Hugh and Betty enter L. U. E. and cross over the stage back, with rakes and forks, pitching and throwing hay about: Alice, Hervey and Bolter join them C. Exeunt R. U. E.]

IKE. [L.] Gol darn! Clean gone crazy—every one on 'em!

[Exit R. U. E.]

Enter JULIA R. U. E., laughing and exhausted, crosses L. C. and sinks upon the hay followed by ALICE.

JULIA. Daisy, I never enjoyed anything so much in my life! It's a perfect success! Did you see Hervey Travers—or rather, the red-headed monkey, as he informed me Mr. Haskins termed him—when that hay fell upon him from the wagon? I can see him now, trying to get the hayseed out of his eyes and neck! [Laughing.] It spoiled his beautiful hair, too! And his father—[laughing]—that foolish old man who insists upon accompanying us—what an agonizing countenance he exhibited when Harry Langton struck him in the ribs with the handle of the rake! and Ike—Mr. Haskins I should say—looked so disgusted at the whole of us! I'm afraid, Daisy, we will spoil all your hay.

ALICE. Of course you will; it will all be utterly ruined. Ju, dear, it does me good to see you enjoy yourself so much.

JULIA. [Instantly altering her manner.] Enjoying myself! No, I am not enjoying myself. I cannot do it! I do not believe I will ever be able to! I am trying to enjoy myself—that is all! I am endeavoring to deceive myself, as I am deceiving you, as I am deceiving every one who sees me, but I cannot do it! Enjoyment? It is a bitter word to me! [Starting to her feet.] But I must have excitement! I must not think! It will kill me! I want something to destroy my memory! I must not be alone! I am afraid of myself, for, oh! Daisy, I am miserable—utterly miserable!

ALICE. Miserable?

JULIA. Yes, miserable. Oh! Daisy darling, if I could be as happy as the light that plays in your sunny face! If I could feel the peace that lies so tranquilly in your sweet eyes!

ALICE. But I do not understand you, Ju! What terrible thing has happened?

JULIA. Daisy, you are the personification of innocence, truth and simplicity. You are always a spirit of consolation; you I have always confided in. Daisy, I will tell you my secret—but not now—we are interrupted!

Enter LANGTON and HUGH R. U. E.

ALICE. [Aside.] Poor Ju! To think that such sorrow could be concealed beneath such an exterior! [Langton and Hugh cross to them, Hugh and Alice come down.]

HUGH. Miss Farber, I have been having a rare time for one that has not even the right to be here. Ju was correct when she said she had a novel and enjoyable programme laid out for to-day, though I was not given a part in it.

ALICE. If your sister failed to invite you to the farm, Mr. Darrell, consider yourself invited by me.

HUGH. Thank you, Miss Farber!

ALICE. Miss Daisy, will do; that is my cognomen to the outside world. I rather like it, too, and I think I can allow you to use it since you are Julia's brother, and she is the author of it.

HUGH. You have no idea how I appreciate the favor, Miss Daisy. Ju has always been extravagant in your praises, and now since I have had an opportunity of judging for myself, I perceive that, notwithstanding her rather lively imagination, and her remarkable skill with the English adjective, she has not done this subject sufficient justice.

ALICE. Mr. Darrell, is that the way you talk to all young ladies, or do you think, that I, being only a simple country girl, cannot distinguish flattery from sincerity? I am somewhat disappointed in you.

HUGH. [Aside.] The girl has gotten more sense than the average of them! [Aloud.] Perhaps I ought to talk to you a little more in the way that I do to Ju.

ALICE. And may I ask, in what consists the peculiar fascination of your conversation with your sister?

HUGH. I'm afraid Ju does not consider it peculiarly fascinating. I do not flatter her, I assure you. I do not think it is right to flatter —sisters. You will be surprised when I tell you that Ju treats me just like a bear! I knew you would not believe it. It seems so entirely different from her, doesn't it? But she does—just like a bear—a regular old Rocky Mountain grizzly bear! Look at her now conversing with Mr. Langton! She is as amiable and sweet as a dove, isn't she? But you should see her—and hear her—when there is no one present but poor me! Why, she has a temper like—

ALICE. Mr. Darrell, I cannot allow you to speak of your sister in such terms in my presence!

HUGH. But—

ALICE. No "buts," if you please. No matter what your sister may be—is it brotherly—is it manly, to speak of her in such a way before a stranger?

HUGH. [Aside.] Well, I rather like this. Evidently not afraid to show one his faults! [Aloud.] You may be right, Miss Daisy, but you must admit she treated me very shabbily only a short time ago?

[Exeunt Julia and Langton R. U. E.]

ALICE. And have you never been rude to her?

HUGH. Possibly, I have; you know, it is not human nature to have one offend you, even if it *is* your sister, and not resent it?

ALICE. Which means, Mr. Darrell, that you are sometimes, just the

least, culpable? I like you a great deal better for being so honest about it. [Going down C.] We must not absent ourselves from the party. There is Julia beckoning for me! [Exit R. U. E.]

HUGH. [C.] There is a girl in a thousand for you! Not one in a thousand would have given me such a blowing up, on—such a short acquaintance! Isn't she lovely, too! Much prettier than Ju. Rob thinks Ju is perfection. What an eye-opener it is to be a brother and have a sister? It is strange that Rob is not here! Ju treated him shamefully the night before last. But that girl! Some of Rob's homily comes back to me. I tell you what it is, Hugh Darrell, you actually *like* that girl! Like her! Why, I believe you—— Hugh Darrell, you're a fool! Hello! [Looking off R. C.] Here she comes back for me! [Exit R. U. E.]

Enter ELIZABETH from house and blows dinner-horn.

FAR. [Outside.] All right, Liz! here we come! [Exit Elizabeth into house.]

Enter FARBER, ALICE, JULIA, LANGTON, WHITEFORD, HERVEY, BOLTER, BETTY and IKE, R. U. E.]

FAR. Miss Darrell, you can play the piano but you cannot make music like Liz can upon that old horn—beg pardon for saying it! What better music do I want, than to have the sound of that old horn coming out to me in the field with its glad call of 'Dinner! Dinner! Stop working! Come to dinner! Liz is ready for you!' To-day I heard the old horn shout—'Fetch them all in! Fetch in your visitors, and hurry up about it!' You have done farm work, ladies and gentlemen, and you will have to put up with farm fare. We haven't got any banquet for you, but a plain old farm dinner. You have worked hard and must be tired—Ike, what is the matter with you? You have earned your bread by the sweat of your brows, so step in and have some of the bread—and butter—and whatever else Liz has for us.

Enter HUGH hastily, R. U. E.

HUGH. Ju! Where is Ju?

JULIA. Here I am Hugh! What is the matter?

HUGH. I want to see you by yourself for a moment. Mr. Farber, my sister and myself will accept your hospitality in a few minutes.

FAR. Very well, sir! But do not keep the young lady long; she has worked very hard. [They all enter the house except Julia and Hugh.]

HUGH. Ju, what passed between you and Rob after I left the other night?

JUILA. Suppose I decline to say?

HUGH. Decline, if you will, but I can tell you; you quarreled with him and the quarrel was of your brewing.

JULIA. And the delightful quarrel you have designed for me this morning, is to be of your brewing? It is seldom that a sister is forced

to ask protection of strangers from a brother, but I will make one of the exceptions! [Going towards the house.]

HUGH. Stop! You hear me! Stop! [Crossing to her.] Julia, I saw Robert Ehrton a moment ago!

JULIA. Saw him! Is he here?

HUGH. I tell you I saw him a moment ago! My God! may I never see him again, as I saw him then! Julia Darrell—my sister—when I saw Robert Ehrton, I saw—an intoxicated man!

JULIA. What!

HUGH. I say I saw an intoxicated man. Julia Darrell—my sister—you quarrelled with him the night before last? Before then he was the noblest man I ever knew; a man who would as soon cut off his right arm as do a disgraceful act; a man that I looked upon as the embodiment of every manly virtue! Julia Darrell—my sister—have you driven him to this?

JULIA. I! Have I driven him to it? No! Oh! no! A thousand times, No! You say you saw Robert Ehrton in that state? Robert Ehrton? My Robert! Oh! God! this is terrible! And it is true? True! [Crosses L.] Am I guilty of it? Never! He is a *man!* [Suddenly.] He is not a man! He is a poor weakling after all! Why, I have cause to be glad—to be thankful! I am rejoiced! I have escaped him! I have discovered before it was too late! He was not worthy of me! Now, foolish, restless heart, cease to torment me! He is *not* your ideal—he is not the man you loved! Oh! heart! why do you argue with me! Why do you dispute my power! Have I driven him to it? [To Hugh.] No, Hugh Darrell, I have *not* driven him to it!

HUGH. And I say that you have done so! Did I not see you that night insult him? And for what! A whim!—a whim that may be his destruction and your's! What pleasure could you experience in flirting—it is a vulgar word, but I know of no other—with Harry Langton? Do you think that there is nothing *human* in a man? Do you think that there is no mighty fabric of colossal virtues, that may not come crashing to the ground if the foundation is weakened? Robert Ehrton loved you! He was worthy of your love, and you, fool that you are, would accept the pearl that he offered you and then crush it beneath your feet!

JULIA. I will hear no more! You are cruel! You are a scourge! Because you are my brother affords you no authority to make this tirade! You have chosen to use Mr. Langton's name in connection with what you call—my flirtation, a term no brother would use to a sister. Mr. Langton is your friend! You brought him to our house, and I met him upon your invitation! He, at least, appears to be a gentleman. If Robert Ehrton loved me, he would have trusted me! Where there is no confidence, there is no love! [Goes up the stage.] Oh! Robert! Robert! You so mean—so despicable! Is this your revenge? Is this meant for my punishment? It shall not be! Your's,

it may be, but not mine! You do not know Julia Darrell! I do not love you—I never loved you! [To Hugh.] I suppose I may now join the others? [Enters house R.]

HUGH. Proud, foolish girl! But Rob!— I did not believe my eyes when I saw him! He looked so sad—such a picture of utter despair! I stood like one spell-bound, doubting my very senses! When he asked me—Oh! so sadly!—if Julia was here, I stood staring at him and made no answer. He did not look abashed nor ashamed, but defiant. Rob Ehrton! Do you remember our conversation? Only two nights ago! Where was I that night? Yes—I *know!* But this man—this man who actually counseled and warned me, has thrown himself into the very abyss into which he thought I was plunging! If I could save him! He is my brother; if I had one we could not love each other better. Youngsters together—boys together—college-mates together—men together! Is there no help for him! Julia Darrell, if you are the cause of this man's ruin—my brother's ruin—I will hate you!

Enter ALICE, LANGTON, and WHITEFORD, from house R.

LANG. Hugh, what is the matter with you? Why don't you come in with the rest of us?

ALICE. Mr. Darrell, as the person doing the honors of Farber Farm, I certainly feel complimented at your absenting yourself for such a long time.

HUGH. I beg your pardon, Miss Daisy, I was just about to enter. [Going.]

Enter DARRELL, L. S. E.

DAR. Hugh, in God's name what does this mean? [Showing him check. Darrell and Hugh come down C.]

HUGH. [Taking check and reading it slowly.] 'Pay—to—John—F. Dobson—or—order—Ten—Thousand—Dollars. Joshua Darrell.' Why, this is my handwriting!

LANG. [Aside to Whiteford.] The check! [Exit Alice into house R.]

DAR. Of course it is! Who is John F. Dobson? When did you draw it? To whom did you give it? What did you give it for? Why did you not tell me?

HUGH. [Dumbfounded.] John F. Dobson! I—don't know who John F. Dobson is! When—did—I—draw—it? Whom—did—I—give—it—to? I—don't—know.

DAR. Don't know! Are you insane?

HUGH. I—don't—know. I don't recollect anything about it.

DAR. Then I'll tell you: you drew it night before last; you drew it when you were intoxicated; you drew it at the dictation of some plotting villain!

HUGH. [Amazed.] No, father that cannot be. See, it is dated four days ago, and you know I was here all of that day!

DAR. Hugh, have you lost the use of your eves? Look at it again! Don't you see that the only writing that is yours is the signature? Now let me tell you something, and if you are not as cold and callous as a rock, let it—Oh! let it, my dear boy!—be a solemn and awful warning to you. That night you came home—drunk—do not be a fool, boy! *I saw you!* On that night I found a letter on my secretary from some unknown friend, as I have since discovered him to be, advising me to withdraw my deposit instantly from Altherson & Co.——

LANG. [To Whiteford.] You cowardly traitor!

DAR. I did so by telegraph that very night. Three hours ago this check was presented at their bank and the bearer arrested. I did not know whether my unknown friend intended to warn me of the suspension of the bank or of an attempt to rob me, but I suspected the latter, and went to the city myself this morning, and here is the check!

HUGH. [Clasping his forehead.] How could I have done it! [Turning to Langton.] Harry, you have heard all! I was with you all of the time, that night?

LANG. Not *all* the time, Hugh; you escaped from us for a while, though we found you afterwards.

HUGH. Not all the time? Where could I have been! Where could I have gone! Whom could I have been with! Father—you have discovered my sin. Harry! Frank! you know all but—you are my friends? Father!—we will go home together.

[Exeunt Darrell and Hugh L. S. E.]

LANG. [L. C.] So, Mr. Francis Whiteford, this is your doing? I am indebted to your thoughtfulness for this happy consummation of my plans?

WHITE. [R. C.] You have no one to thank but yourself. You would make me your catspaw, and you thought that I was fool enough to stand tamely by, and see you reap the fruit of my work—of my crime! Ay! sneer if you wish! I said *crime*, for, villain as I am, I am not the wretch that you are, and I shudder now when I think of what I did, attempting to rob the very house whose hospitality I was enjoying.

LANG. Saint Francis! It is all very well for you to play the hypocrite now—all very well for you to strike your breast with compunction—but you cannot escape my punishing you for your mean, speaking, dastardly act, and I will have my revenge right here and now!

[Drawing a knife and rushing at him.]

WHITE. [Struggling with him.] Help! Murder! Help! [Enter from house, Ike, Hervey, Bolter, Julia, Alice, Elizabeth and Farber. Hervey tries to separate them without effect. Ike succeeds and holds each at arm's length.]

IKE. Gol darn my skins! if this ain't purty doins! [To Langton.] Oh! no, Mr. Gentility, you stay—thar! This is *Mister* Ike Haskins

that has got hold on you, and when he gets hold on a feller as he's got you now—that feller always stays—thar! Gol darn my skins! ef he ain't got a knife! [Ike releases them.]

FAR. John Farber is not the man to insult any one that is on his land or in his house, but when a man forgets the duty he owes to his host—when he forgets the laws of decency—when he would shed blood—then, I say, Depart! Go off my land! for this is the abode of peace, and there shall be no murderous brawls on Farber Farm! Go!

LANG. Old man, you are too hasty, and I will overlook what you have said. Miss Julia, I know not what to say. I crave your pardon for this disgraceful scene, and your's, Miss Farber; but I have a temper that is not always mine to command. I am but human, and when a man wantonly insults a lady that I respect, I am not responsible for what I may do. This man [pointing to Whiteford]—this wretch—insulted you in my presence!

WHITE. You lie!—Ladies, forgive me!—but if that man says I offered an insult to any woman, he is guilty of an infamous lie! That man is the greatest scoundrel that God permits to live! You see before you a man that but a few short hours ago—[Aside]—Oh! I cannot say it! My tongue is tied! But I will, I will! [Aloud.] That very man who stands there—[Aside]—Where is my strength? What matters your own safety? Out with it! [Aloud]—I-I-charge-him-with-with—[Falls in a faint.]

IKE. Wall, I'll be gol derned!

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

ONE YEAR LATER.

SCENE.—Flat, showing grounds in front of Darrell's house, Somerville.

Enter JULIA and MRS. DAR. L.

MRS. DAR. Come, my child, a short stroll in the open air will do you good.

JULIA. Mother, dearest, I am afraid not.

MRS. DAR. You must not be so despondent, Julia, my love! Last summer you liked nothing better than to be out on the grounds, and, in fact, all over the country, whilst this summer you do nothing but mope in the house during all these bright days. Are you unhappy, my child? Confide in your mother, Julia—do you really love Mr. Langton?

JULIA. [Laughing.] What a question, mother! Do you suppose I would marry him if I did not?

MRS. DAR. Oh! Julia, if we could hear that old-time laugh more often! You must not outgrow your childhood, darling.

[Exeunt R.]

Enter HUGH, L.

HUGH. [C.] What a blessing it is, after all, to have a sister like Ju! I fear I have been unkind to her sometimes! I could go down on my knees before her this moment, and bathe her hands with tears of repentance—only I hardly think she would like it, and there would be some difficulty in producing the tears. I have been all this day endeavoring to devise some excuse to get over to the farm and see the farmer's little daughter. I was there yesterday, and I will be suspected if I go too often. At the very moment I was giving it up, Ju unconsciously came to my rescue, and asked me to go and fetch Daisy here, on a matter of vital importance. Importance? That's Ju's mild way of putting it! Well, I guess it is important, if it is to cheer up poor Ju's spirits. Poor Ju! Poor Rob! He is just the same—just as hopeless as ever! What in the world does she want to marry Harry for? [Gesticulating off R.] Oh! Farber Farm! how I envy you! Your green grass is the carpet of her feet! The daisies throw up their heads and laugh in the face of their namesake!

[Enter Alice and Ike, R.]

IKE. [Seeing Hugh.] Wall, I'll be gol derned!

HUGH. The trees look down upon her fair head! [Seeing them.] Miss Daisy! Where did you come from? How de do, Ike!

ALICE. "From the trees that look down on her fair head." Whose fair head do they look down upon, Mr. Darrell?

HUGH. Your's, Miss Daisy.

ALICE. [Looking up.] So they do. [To Ike.] Ike, you may come for me in about three hours.

HUGH. [To Ike.] You need not give yourself the trouble, Ike; I will see Miss Daisy nome when it suits her pleasure.

IKE. [Aside.] Wall, who in thunder said it way enny trouble! I wish I could skeer him off like young "I say," but he's a better feller than that dern fool. Ef anyone was to get Alice—except me—gol darn my skins! ef I wouldn't as leef this feller would! But I reckon I'm all right. [Exit R.]

HUGH. I was just on my way to fetch you, Miss Daisy. Ju, has just given me her orders.

ALICE. I thought you were engaged with the trees and some one's fair head?

HUGH. I have been counting the minutes until I would see you again.

ALICE. And didn't you get tired?

HUGH. [Laughing.) You are very provoking. You take actual pleasure in destroying sentiment as soon as it begins to bud. Why are you always making fun of me? Whenever I try to speak of my—my—

ALICE. Your what, Mr. Darrell?

HUGH. My love, Daisy! [Aside.] This is rather premature, but I'm in for it now! [Aloud.] Yes, Daisy darling, of my love! I love you and you know it! I loved you from the first moment I ever saw you! I never knew what love was until I met you! On that joyous morning last summer, at Farber Farm, when first I saw your smiling, lovely face, I—

ALICE. Mr. Darrell, you forget that I am but a farmer's daughter.

HUGH. Farmer's daughter! You are no farmer's daughter—you are an angel! It is no exaggeration at all! If there are any angels on this earth, you are one of them!

ALICE. Where are my wings?

HUGH. Now don't be so horribly practical! Don't be so tantalizing! I say you are an angel, and I stick to it, and don't you contradict me! Oh, Daisy darling—now don't stop me—there is not a particle of use of my trying to tell you how I love you, because it can't be done! Daisy darling, don't you love me—a little? Cannot this raging passion that is burning in my breast, kindle a spark in your's? I won't ask you to say anything, my love! but if you love me—even a little bit—do, but drop that rose from your bosom? [After a slight hesitation, she unfastens and drops it. He picks it up eagerly, presses it to his lips, and is going to embrace her, when she detains him.] You love me and will be my wife?

ALICE. I—do—not—know.

HUGH. Do not know! Then you are only jesting with me? You do not love me?

ALICE. I am not jesting with you—Hugh. The offer of a man's love is no subject for a jest, whatever else may be. Nor will I affect any mock modesty—I do love you—but I say again, I do not know whether I will be your wife.

HUGH. A conundrum! I give it up.

ALICE. Hugh, you have been manly enough to admit to me that your life has not been without reproach. It confirms rumor, and I cannot shut my ears to rumor, though I may not always heed it. Hugh, I know much about you. I know that you have brought grief, and—forgive me for saying it—shame, into your family and into—my heart.

HUGH. Your's?

ALICE. Yes, Hugh, into my heart, for I loved you when first I learned to know you—when first I saw your nobleness and generosity underneath your faults. And now to explain the conundrum: I am going to do something that this foolish little head of mine tells me will be better for us both. I am going to give you a trial, of—let me see—one month! I ought to make it longer, but I can't. You will then report to me as to your conduct. I will listen to no one else—I will be influenced by nothing else—I will believe every word you tell me, for I trust you. Oh! Hugh, do try hard and be good, for

whatever else I may do—I must always love you. If you report unfavorably, I am afraid I can do nothing but—go on loving you. If you report favorably, why, then—

HUGH. I can have——

ALICE. Daisy Farber! [They embrace.]

HUGH. But a month! A month before I know whether Daisy Farber will be Daisy Darrell? You forget there are thirty days in a month, Daisy? And, besides, you do not know what a different man I am already! Ever since—

ALICE. It's no use, Hugh, I must adhere to my resolution. A month is not very long, Hugh?

HUGH. Oh! no, it will only be about ten years to me. Well, Daisy darling, I will do it for your sake, but I must have a [kissing her] to seal the contract.

ALICE. It is the last you get for a month. I came to see Julia, and not you, so I must go. I am very happy, Hugh! No one must know anything for—a month. Remember! [Kissing her hand to him.]

[Exit L.]

HUGH. [Executing a dance and whistling.] Oh! I'm not a bit happy—not a bit! There she goes into the house! I know of no reason why I should not go too! You called yourself a fool, did you, Hugh Darrell? Well, you were a fool for doing it! [Exit L.]

Enter LANGTON and BETTY L.

LANG. Tell Miss Darrell that she will find me on the lawn as soon as she is ready.

BETTY. Yes, sir. [Aside.] Oh! isn't he an awful hateful man.

[Exit L.]

LANG. Everything is working like a charm. I never had such a stream of luck before. I am almost afraid something will happen to spoil all. [Walks to and forward.] It's the way often. I remember about a couple of months ago, I fought the tiger for five consecutive nights at Bartlett's and scooped in quite a handsome pile, and on the sixth night the tiger scooped me in—swallowed me whole. But luck will be the next card I turn up, every time. There was that check! It was a d—d stupid piece of business, and I came near going under, but luck was at my elbow! Whiteford hadn't starch enough in him to peach—though he came near it; they believed what I said about him here, and he was invited to leave. Dobson's man was discharged because there was no evidence against him, and old Dob himself jumped the town nicely. Darrell kept his ten thousand, and here am I, respected, honored, and engaged to be married to his daughter! Yes, matrimony is my lay now, and everything looks lovely. Darrell will come down handsomely, I'm sure. He is rather of an enquiring turn of mind, however, and he expects me to satisfy him in a couple of days as to my bank account; think I can manage it. I can depend on the girl, I know. She is a devilish fine one! She does not care a

snap for me, nor do I for her, but she believes I love her, and I fill the role of a passionate lover capitally for one who has had no experience. She is going to marry me out of pure spite for that drunken fool Ehrton. She is a fool herself for doing it, but that's her affair; mine, is to marry her, and Harry Langton can attend to his business if anyone can.

Enter JULIA L.

My angel! [Goes to her.] I have been waiting so patiently for you!

JULIA. [Listlessly.] Have you?

LANG. Indeed I have! But, my darling, why is it that you are always so sad when I am near you? If we are with others, you are the the gayest of the gay, but let them be gone, if only for a moment, and you relapse into silence, and what is very much like melancholy?

JULIA. Harry, is it not enough for you that I am your's? Must I always be expected to be shouting in laughter?

LANG. No, my love, but you will allow it is not very complimentary to me to find you often so taciturn? Before I was even a lover you were bright enough with me, and why should you not be so now? I do not complain—I have no right to complain—as you say, you have given me yourself, and what more could I ask! [Aside.] I think that manifests quite an absorbing interest.

JULIA. Harry, our feelings are beyond our power—beyond our control.

LANG. But you have given me your heart, my own, and surely love should gladden, not sadden? I half believe it is the remembrance of other days that affects you? [She starts.] I know, Julia, dear, that I am not the first love; I know—[taking her hand]—why, how cold your hand is!—that there was another to whom that precious privilege was accorded;—[Ehrton enters R. slowly and dejectedly, and observing them, pauses, and exit L.]—but he did not value it; he did not appreciate it; he did not know how bright and warm was the sunshine in which he basked; his soul was too sordid and mean to link itself to your glorious spirit; he thought he could presume on your love—could wallow in the mire of a disgusting passion and that you would love him still—

JULIA. [Breaking from him.] Harry Langton, how dare you! Is it for you who have usurped his place, to talk thus? Is there no generosity in your nature? Remember that I once loved him, and respect me and my position, even if you cannot respect him! [Suddenly altering her manner.] Forgive me, Harry!—I was always an impetuous girl! I know you did not mean to offend me—I was too hasty

LANG. Forgive you! Why, my darling, I have nothing to forgive It is natural that you should feel like this. It is the fault of your noble nature. You think, perhaps, that you are, in a measure, responsible for Robert Ehrton's present condition? That is childish, Julia—utterly childish. You are too prone to accuse yourself. Robert Ehrton is alone to blame. What he is now is the result of his own

voluntary actions. [Looking off R, crossing R and looking off again.] Julia, come here! [She crosses to him.] Look! That tottering man, walking along there, is Robert Ehrton! Look at him well, and tell me if there can be a spark of love in you heart for that—creature!

JULIA. [Looking eagerly off R.] Where? Oh, God! Where? I do not see him! [Averting her glance.] I do not want to see him! Do not show him to me! Why do you want to show him to me? Yes, there is a spark of love in my heart for him—there is a flame there—and you cannot extinguish it! Oh! do not make me despise you, Harry!

LANG. [Aside.] More stupidity on my part. [Aloud.] Julia, darling. I was wrong! I was imprudent! I should not have done this! I meant for the best, my love! I thought you were a man—not a poor, weak girl—a kind, loving, forgiving girl. We will talk no more about him. We will think no more about him. Let us take the walk you promised me, my sweet! [Putting his arm around her.] There, my darling! Forgive me! I am a brute, and do not know how to treat a lamb like you! I will get your things, my love. Remain here for a moment. [Aside.] What is that fool prowling about here for anyhow? [Exit L.]

JULIA. The only feeling I have had for this man is indifference. I have let him love me, with indifference; I have borne his caresses, with indifference; and I would have married him, with indifference; for life is indifferent to me now; but there is a stronger feeling growing within me—I am beginning to despise him! Oh! rebellious heart! Why are you so stubborn! [Enter Ehrton R. as before. Julia screams.]

EHR. [Speaking slowly and brokenly.] Julia, do not be frightened. I can harm no one now. [She shows aversion and offers to withdraw.] Do not be afraid—I shall not come near you. Your aversion and contempt cannot wound me any longer. I shall never trouble you again. I only came to say—farewell! Farewell! my—Julia! [Julia swoons.] [Exit R.]

Enter LANGTON L. with a shawl.

LANG. What the devil is this! I see here it is! There goes the cause of it! My mind is soon made up! "Strike while the iron's hot!" I have had enough trouble with you already! I will settle with you now! The girl will recover! [Exit R.]

JULIA. [Regaining consciousness.] What has happened! I have fainted! I am better now. [Arising.] I recollect now—where is he? Gone! He said—farewell? What does he mean? Farewell! Where has he gone! What is he going to do! Oh! Julia Darrell, are you the cause of that man's fall! But he said—farewell! [Looking off R.] Why, there he goes down the wood! Who is that near him? A stranger, no doubt! How slowly he walks! His head is hanging on his breast! Is that the figure of my proud,

noble, Robert! It is getting dark! I can hardly see him any longer! But he said—farewell! Great God! what is he going to do! Something tells me—is it an inspiration from Heaven!—to follow him! I may never see him again and I—love him! Where is Harry? No matter, I will go without him! [Exit R.]

SCENE.—EHRTON'S Law Office. Door R. C. Open window L. C. through which the moonlight is shining. Table, covered with law-books, and chair R. C., bookcase L. C.

EHRTON opens the door and stands at the threshold.

EHR. Here is my office that I have not entered for so long, and now I will never emerge from it alive. [Closes door, crosses irresolutely to table and throws himself into the chair.] The time has come and I am resolved. [Langton appears at the window L. C. and looks in.] Only a few more moments for me, and then—and then?—I know not what! Yet I am determined upon it, and I shall do it! Weak, I know it is—damnable, I know it is—yet—I shall do it! [Takes a revolver from his pocket.]

LANG. [At the window.] I thought so!

EHR. [Looking at the revolver.] Fatal instrument! you have brought much misery into this world, but may you end mine! You have brought crime, disgrace and sorrow into this world—but may end—mine! You are the only friend I have now, and you must not fail me! If you cannot give me back my peace of mind; if you cannot give me back my good name; if you cannot give me back her love and respect;—you can, at least—*end all!* If you send me into a burning hell, I take the responsibility upon myself—it is but the exchange of one hell for another! In a moment I will be ready for you! When I speak to you—when I press my finger upon this trigger—then *act!* [Looking around him.] This is the scene of many a bright day when my soul was filled with peace, and contentment, and love, for her. [Julia appears at the door L. C. with a scared white look.] Here I worked—for her. Here I indulged many a day dream. [Wearily.] It seems so long ago since I was honored, and respected, and—loved. Now, people *pity* me, and I cannot stand that! When a man learns to despise himself he has no right to live! And so ends all! Why was I ever born! But delays are dangerous—I may relent—I may lose the courage to do it! Farewell! miserable world! [Puts revolver to his forehead, Julia rushes in with a scream and seizes his arm. The revolver falls out of his hand upon the table.]

JULIA. Robert!

EHR. [Dazedly.] What—are—you—doing—here? [Langton appears at the door L. C. and half enters.]

JULIA. Oh! Robert! What would you do? Would you kill yourself?

EHR. And why not? What would it matter to you?

JULIA. It would *kill* me! Oh! Rob! Rob! I have saved myself from being your *murderess!* Rob! I love you! Can you forgive me? [Embraces him.]

EHRTON. What is this! You love me! Do not touch me—I am not worthy of you! You love me? Is this you, Julia, dearest, or is it a dream? You love me? Me? [Starting to his feet.] Merciful God! *I am saved! I am saved!* [Falling back into the chair with his head thrown upon the table, sobbing violently, and holding one of Julia's hands. which he kisses passionately.]

LANG. [Coming down C.] I have seen and heard all. Julia, you will come with me. [Crosses to them.]

JULIA. I will never go with you! I never wish to see your face again! [Clinging to Ehrton, who is standing.]

LANG. Ehrton, release that girl! She is my affianced wife!

JULIA. I shall not leave him! I am *his* affianced wife! If you obtained from me a consent to become your wife, it was because you asked me when I was demented—when I knew not, and cared not, what I did! Such a promise is not binding in law nor in conscience! My whole heart is here!

LANG. And you would disgrace yourself and your family by marrying that miserable being? [Ehrton advances upon him, then stops suddenly.]

EHR. It is true—I deserve it.

JULIA. Yes, I would and shall! It was I that made him this, and, by the help of God, it is I that will bring him back to the proud position he once held—my cherished ideal of a noble man!

LANG. Then, take him! You are both well matched; one a sot, and the other—a fool! [Ehrton knocks him down.]

EHR. Say what you will about me, but say nothing against her! [Langton regains his feet and rushes for the revolver on the table. Ehrton secures it first, walks to the window and throws it out.] I am safe now! I would have killed myself with it; in another moment I would have killed you with it! At such a time as this, I can be generous! [Clasping Julia. Tableau. Ehrton and Julia, R. C. Langton, C.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1—Same as in First Act.

Enter BETTY, C., ushering in IKE.

BETTY. Take a seat, Mr. Haskins—I mean, Ike. Do you want to see anyone?

IKE. [Looking around him.] Wall, I'll be gol derned ef thar ain't more fixins in this ere room than there is in a show! [To Betty.] I don't want to see nobody, young woman. I only want to know ef

Mr. Darrell is agoin' to be here to-day; cause ef he is, Farber's comin' over fur to see him.

BETTY. [Aside.] Is he indeed! He *is* getting familiar! [Aloud.] Yes, Ike, Mr. Darrell will be home to-day, for I heard him say so myself. I'll tell him—[Ike is going]—but you ain't going already?

IKE. Ain't I! Wall ef I ain't, I'll be gol derned! You don't think it's me that's doin' the visitin', do ye? I'd sooner be ploughin' over a yaller-jacket's nest than stayin' in this dern place!

BETTY. [Offended.] Well, go, if you want to! I suppose if you stay any longer, that "gal" of yours will get "pesky mad." [Laughing provokingly.]

IKE. [Angry.] Looky yer, Betty, ef you was a man I'd lick you fur sayin' that!

BETTY. [Sobbing.] You haven't got any right to talk to me that way. I don't know why you always treat me so mean, I—I—never did you any harm. Oh! isn't it awful!

IKE. Wall, I'll be gol derned! [Crossing to her.] What air ye cryin' fur, ennyhow? I was a dern fool fur sayin' that—Betty! I say I was a dern fool for sayin' that! Wall, now, that ought to be enough fur ye! I *said* I was a dern fool! Do ye want a feller to say ennymore than that? [Going. Betty sobs harder and he returns.] [Aside.] What in thunder is the matter with the gal! This is what you get, Ike Haskins, fur goin' on another man's land! [To Betty.] Betty! Poor gal! [Aside.] I guess she's got tenderer feelins than country gals! Betty! [Makes a show of putting his arm around her and her sobbing diminishes. He grows timid and her sobbing becomes more violent.] Poor gal! [He puts his arm around her.] Betty, I didn't mean nothin'. [She leans on his breast.] Poor gal! Ye see, Betty, I thought you was chaffin' me about Alice?

BETTY. [Through her sobs.] I never chaff nobody.

IKE. Don't ye? Poor gal!

BETTY. No, I don't! and I would'nt chaff you about her either! She wasn't good enough for you.

IKE. [Withdrawing his arm.] Don't ye say that, Betty! don't ye say that! [She sobs harder than ever.] Thar I go agin! Poor gal! [Putting his arm around her again.]

BETTY. Well, if she was, what did she go and make fun of you for, and refuse to marry you too? I wouldn't have done that.

IKE. Wouldn't ye? Poor gal! Wall, ye see, Betty, she was too good for me. She's eddicated ye know, and perlite, and a lady, and I ain't that kind; I ain't no gentleman.

BETTY. Yes, you are a gentleman! I think you are as much of a gentleman as anybody.

IKE. Do ye? Poor gal! [Aside.] Gol darn my skins! if I don't keep my arm here whether she cries or not! [To her.] You're a purty gal, Betty.

BETTY. You're chaffin' me now.

IKE. I'll be gol darned if I am! Betty, do ye remember what ye said to me that day you were over onto the farm?

BETTY. I said I liked a farm.

IKE. Ye said more'n that?

BETTY. I said I'd like to live on a farm.

IKE. More'n that, tu?

BETTY. I said I liked you, and so I do.

IKE. Betty, would ye like to live on a farm now?

BETTY. Y-e-s.

IKE. Sposin' I'd git a farm, would ye like to live on it?

BETTY. Y-e-s.

IKE. Wall, gol darn my skins! ef I don't! [Kisssing her suddenly and awkwardly.] I ain't kissed no gal fur an awful long time. Betty, I luv you! I didn't know it afore, but I've found it out now. Betty, give me another kiss! [She kisses him]. Betty, we'll git married and live onto a farm and be as happy as possums in a chicken-coop! gol darn! if we don't! I got to git out a-yer now. Like as not sum of these society people 'll ketch me!

[Exit Ike C., Betty kisses him at the entrance.]

BETTY. Oh! isn't it awful nice! Now, I'm going to be married as well as everybody else! Going to live on a farm, too! We'll have horses, and cows, and mules, and dogs, and cats, and chickens, and ducks, and geese, and turkeys, and pigs—I forgot the pigs! No more —"Betty, do this!" and "Betty, do that!" No more—Oh! isn't it awful nice! [Clapping her hands].

Enter HERVEY, C.

HER. [To Betty.] You need not announce me. I will sit down here and make myself comfortable until some one puts in an appearance. [Sits L. C.] Anything for a refuge! I am playing "I spy" with pater, and he is "it." [To Betty, who is going.] I say? Step here a moment, will you? [Betty crosses to him. He leads her down.] [Aside.] She is not a bad looking girl. On the contrary, she is quite good looking. She is a servant, it is true, but after all, she is a female. [To her.] I say, what is your name?

BETTY. Betty, sir.

HER. Bettysir? Queer name! Better be Betty! I say, Bettysir, will you marry me?

BETTY. [Indignantly.] No, I won't! [Flouncing off.] You awful, horrid, bad man! I am going to tell Mr. Darrell on you this very minute!

[Exit, C.]

HER. It's no use! There is no use of trying! I can't get married to save my life! [Reflectively.] If I was only an orphan, now! What a happy lot is that of an orphan! [Suddenly.] I'll *be* an orphan! I'll hunt up pater, without a moment's delay, and make an orphan of myself.

[Going off C. encounters Bolter entering.]

BOLT. Wha-wha-what! Here you are, are you! Where are you going?

HER. [Sadly.] Nowhere now. I *was* after you. Pater, I want to be an orphan?

BOLT. Wha-wha-what!

HER. You've caught me, pater! I'm "it" now—you go and hide!

BOLT. Wha-wha-what!

HER. [Throwing himself into a chair R. C.] Oh, I'm tired of your everlasting "wha-wha-what!" Pater, the worm will turn! I will be candid with you—I am heartily sick of you. If your pater—my lamented grandpater—had gone on this way with you, you would never have been able to get married either—nay, more, you would not now have this filius to counsel and correct you. Now, I tell you here, pater, here in your pitch of pride—I *am* going to get married, and I don't care whether you like it or not! And I tell you further, I am going to get married *now*, and further still, that I am going to start out immediately, and scour this country for some one to marry me, and the first woman I meet—be she young, or be she old—be she beautiful, or be she as ugly as you are—if she is not married already and will have me, I will marry that woman this very morning! [Striking a menacing attitude.] If you attempt to interfere, pater, you do so at your peril!

[Exit melodramatically C.]

BOLT. Wha-wha-what! Bless my soul! [Exit C.]

Enter DARRELL and HUGH, C.

DAR. Hugh, my dear boy, I am glad to hear it! It is the best thing you have ever done! I suspected it along though; you don't think your old father is blind, do you? I have watched you closely. The girl is worthy of you. I am delighted, Hugh! [They sit at table L. C.]

HUGH. Then the fact that she is a farmer's daughter is no objection in your eyes to my marrying her?

DAR. Hugh, do you take your father to be an idiot? There are some fools in this world, I grant you, that seek only to marry their children to wealth, position and fame, but, thank Heaven! I am no one of them! The girl has done what I could not—what your mother could not—what none of us could not—make a good man of you, and she is welcome to have you, for her pains, if she wants you!

HUGH. [Laughing.] I did not think it would be difficult to obtain your consent father. But I have not gotten her's yet.

DAR. [Surprised.] Then she won't have you after all?

HUGH. Yes, I think she will. To tell you the truth, father, I am quite under her thumb already. Now you would not believe what I am going to tell you. Before I could get her to promise me, this little girl actually made me submit to the following humiliating terms: I was first to be subjected to a long and irksome trial of thirty days, during which I was to approach as near perfection as it is possible

for human nature to attain; then I was to constitute a committee of one to investigate myself; this committee was to be adjourned *sine die*, and then I was to organize another committee of one, to report on myself; this little girl was to take this report under consideration, and then she was to report to me as to her action thereupon. I am going to report to-day, or in other words, I am going to present her to you to-day as my future wife! [Darrell laughs very heartily.] This is no laughing matter father?

DAR. [Still laughing.] I know it's not—quite the reverse—but I cannot help it. How many times do you go round one of her dainty little fingers, Hugh? [Suddenly serious.] Hugh, my son, let the first person to congratulate you, be your father! [Extending his hand, which Hugh takes.] I do, from the bottom of my heart! Kind Providence is reserving many blessings for me in my old age. My son is transformed from a thoughtless boy to a steady man. Julia, the dear child, has listened to a father's advice, and broken off her engagement with Mr. Langton. I never liked the man. There was something hidden about him. Julia has gone back to her old love and I am glad of it. Ehrton has reformed as suddenly as he fell, but he feel very deeply. His reconstruction is nothing less than a miracle. Everyone believes him to be sincere, and I know it! He is winning back his position and enviable reputation. I admire him, and he shall always have the grasp of my hand—I always liked him!

HUGH. Like him! I love him; he is my brother! [Meditatively.] How strange it all seems, father! There is some mystery about it. It is just two months ago to-day, that I asked Daisy to be my wife. On that very evening Harry disappeared and we have not heard from him since. Rob's reformation, I verily believe, began from that day, and we have had Ju's laughter ever since. There is something about it that neither Rob nor Ju has told any of us about.

DAR. Nor should we ask them. It is sacred, whatever it is. The result is sufficient for us to know. They were both in fault, I have no doubt, and both have suffered for it. [Enter Betty C. with letters.] Mail arrived Betty? [Taking them from her.]

BETTY. Yes, sir; and something else has arrived.

DAR. Here is one for you Hugh! [Giving him a letter.] Something else? What do you mean?

BETTY. The two Mr. Travers, sir!

HUGH. She calls them something else.

DAR. The Mr. Travers! Where are they?

BETTY. Oh! they're gone, sir, and I am glad of it! They are always running in and out of here like dogs—the young one is the little dog running away with the big dog's bone. I was going to order that young one out of the house myself!

DAR. The devil you were! My good young woman it, strikes me you are taking a good deal upon yourself?

BETTY. [Half sobbing.] He insulted me, sir—he asked me to marry him!

HUGH. [Laughing.] Insulted you? By asking you to marry him? Well, I must say, that is complimentary to Hervey.

DAR. Betty, you may leave us.

BETTY. [Aside.] I am going to get my Ike to pull every nasty red hair out of that young man's head! If he doesn't, I will! Oh! isn't it awful! [Exit C.]

HUGH. [Opening his letter.] That is a very good joke on Hervey—very. Why, here is a letter from Frank Whiteford, written from Colorado! [Reads it and hands it to Darrell.] Father, you were right in your suspicions of Harry Langton—he is one of the greatest rascals unhung! Oh! what a fool I was! Read that! In receiving Mr. Frank Whiteford and Mr. Harry Langton, we entertained two polite scoundrels!

DAR. [Reading.] 'Red Horse, Colorado, September 20th, 1875.

Dear Hugh:—Only the twinges of a conscience I could never entirely smother prompt me to write you this. Have nothing further to do with Henry Langton. He is a greater villain than even I am. It was he that contrived to make you sign that check last summer, and I assisted him. It was I that wrote your father the anonymous warning, but I penned it out of revenge, and not out of any consideration for him. I have come out here and begun life over again. I cannot ask you or your father to forgive me, but if this will be of any service to you, I will be ever thankful. Unworthily yours,

Francis Whiteford.'

[Starting to his feet.] I will have a detective on that man Langton's track this very day! The miserable wretch! No, I must not! His arrest means shame and disgrace to us! [Sinking back in the chair.] It is hard to let him escape. It is my duty to have him overhauled.

HUGH. You forget, father, that we have no evidence against him, even if we succeeded in capturing him, except that of Whiteford, and that, of course, would be worthless?

DAR. That is true. I suppose we must let him alone. It is a pity though. No man ever yet betrayed the confidence of Joshua Darrell without being punished by him for it!

Enter BETTY C.

BETTY. Mr. Farber of Farber Farm! [Exit C.]

Enter FARBER C. HUGH meets him, shakes hands and exit C. DARRELL goes up to meet him.

DAR. Mr. Farber, I am glad to meet you! [They shake hands.]

FAR. Thank you, sir! We have lived in different worlds, sir; we have traveled on different roads, but we meet on the forks! [Darrell leads him to a seat R. C.] I have come to see you, sir, on a matter of business and duty— No! you don't know what it is, though you may think

you do! Your son is going to marry my—daughter. That much we both know. Alice told me about it and I objected to it at first—don't be offended, sir! I love my—Alice, better than I do my life, and I would not risk her happiness for all the gold that is buried in the earth this moment! When she told me she loved your son, I objected to it, not because I did not like him, but because I was afraid that he was not the man to make my Alice happy; because I heard—but you know what I mean, sir? Forgive me if I pain you! Family is nothing to me, sir. It is worth that I look to, and if your son was a prince and not a good man, he could not marry my Alice! But, sir, I have discovered that he is now, at least, a man that might make any woman happy. What I am here to-day for, is to prove to you that if he is worthy of her, so she is worthy of him.

DAR. I know that already, Mr. Farber.

FAR. Farber, sir,—Farber, only. Of course you know it; no one could see that innocent face of her's without knowing it; but that is not what I mean. I am going to tell you something, sir—something that Liz—my wife, sir—and myself, have kept locked up in our bosoms for many a year, and strong old man as I am, it almost breaks my heart to say it—Alice is not my child!

DAR. Not your child?

FAR. Not—my—child. She is not my child, but, Oh! sir, you do not love that boy of your's more fondly than I do my Alice! It is out now! I can never unsay it! I am childless now! It is a simple story, sir, and you shall hear it. I had a sister once—a young, guileless thing—you might look in the face of a hundred women, sir, and you would not see one half so sweet. My father—he lived on my farm, sir—was pretty well-to-do in the world, and if there was anything that could be gotten for Alice—that was her name, sir,—she got it. One winter she went to the city for a short time—this very city that we are so near—and the next thing we heard, sir, was that she had married some young English lord, and had sailed with him for England. We heard from her soon, sir, and she said she was happy, and asked us all to forgive her. That was all we knew about her until about a year afterwards—one beautiful evening—I remember it so well—Alice entered our house and threw herself on her father's neck. She had no mother then. Poor girl! Her tale was a sad one. Her husband—Lord Northecot, I believe they called him, sir—was a young, wild, reckless fellow. He married my sister because he loved her, but his family was a proud one and they governed him. They made him send my poor broken-hearted sister back to us, or compel her to live in shame among strangers. Well, sir, it killed my father and it killed her too, but she left a little child to remember her by—a little sunbeam—and I can never look in that child's face without seeing my poor sister. That child is my—Alice! [Breaking down with emotion.]

DAR. Farber, your story is a sad and wonderful one. Take the hand of a friend and brother—a man who is not a stranger to sorrow!

FAR. Thank you, sir! [Taking his hand.] But you have not heard all; that beautiful child grew up with me on my farm; you are a father, sir; you know how a little life like that—as it grows and grows—as it sort of buds and blossoms like—to speak flowery, sir—becomes more and more part of a father's heart, until at last it is his *whole* heart, and to take that little life away, is to tear the heart out of him! So was our Alice to Liz and me. So is Alice to Liz and me. We thought we would always have her with us to love and bless us with her sunny face, and if she gave away any of her love—and we couldn't blame her for that, sir—we thought, at least, she would stay with us and be near us. But it is not to be. Father in Heaven! must I lose her now! The rest, young Mr. Ehrton will tell you. He came with me. He knows all. He is here. I—I—cannot say any more.

DAR. Robert! Is he here? [Crosses to table and strikes bell. Enter Betty, C.] Ask Mr. Ehrton to step in, Betty. [Exit Betty C.]

Enter EHRTON, C. DARRELL meets him. They come down.

DAR. Robert, Mr. Farber has told me strange things. You have come here with him? He says you are to finish it?

EHR. And so I am. You are right, Mr. Darrell, it is a strange story. This old man came to see me yesterday, and brought with him a letter. The letter was from Jacob Johnson, Esq., of Johnson & Castlewaite, solicitors in London, England. The letter advised him to show it to his counsel and he brought it to me. I read it. Lord Northecot is dead. He died about a month ago, and Johnson prepared his will. Remorse, and possibly the remembrance of his young wife's face, haunted him, worked upon him, and when death drew nigh, all that was good in the man came to the surface. The will admits his marriage to this old man's sister. His whole estate he leaves to his child, Lady Northecot, or as we know her—Daisy Farber, of Farber Farm!

DAR. Truth is stranger than fiction, and justice must prevail!

FAR. [Sadly.] Lady Northecot! Lady Northecot! And I am only plain old John Farber—a rough old farmer! [Eagerly.] But I will not give her up! They want to tear her away from me—from the only father she ever knew—but they cannot do it! There are some ties stronger and more sacred in the sight of heaven, than even those of blood! That man, her father! Her unnatural father, yes, but not her natural one! You cannot have her now, Lord Northecot—it is too late! Why did you not claim her when you were alive? Why did you not claim your wife? Why did you not love, honor and cherish her, as you pledged yourself to do? Why did you come like a thief in the night, and steal away my poor sister's heart, and when she gave it to you, thrust her away from your bosom, and crush her poor young life? And now when she is dead, and when you are dead, you want her child? Oh! no; the dead are not strong enough

to fight with the living! She is *my* child—not your's! She never called you 'father!' I have nursed her; I have lead and guided her; I have let her love grow into this rugged old breast, until you cannot pluck it out; and now am I to give her up to you because you have so written it in your miserable will? All your estate? You are too poor to buy her from me, if all England was your estate! You cannot have her—she is *mine!*

Enter ALICE, clinging to ELIZABETH and JULIA, C. followed by HUGH. ALICE crosses to FARBER and throws her arms about him.

ALICE. Father!

FAR. My child! My child!

ALICE. You are my father, my dear, good, kind father! Oh! they have told me such strange things! It bewilders me! They tell me I am no longer Daisy Farber—that I am a lady—that I am rich! Oh! why did this ever happen! I was so happy! I do not want to be a lady! I want to be Daisy still! Oh! father, it can be as it always was? I am your Alice, and you are my father! Say, father, it can be as it always was?

FAR. God wills it, my darling! It must be! It shall be! God is stronger than man! No one can take you from me now—you *are* my child!

ELIZ. And mine! [Alice and Elizabeth embrace.]

DAR. You are mine, also, Daisy. [Kissing her.]

HUGH. And my wife! [Alice crosses to Hugh.]

DAR. I have two daughters now, and [placing Julia's hand in Ehrton's]—two sons. [Strikes bell.] Margaret, we must not be out of fashion; take your place by your husband's side. [Mrs. Darrell crosses to Darrell. He strikes bell again.]

Enter BETTY C.

Why did you keep me waiting, Betty?

BETTY. Because I was engaged.

DAR. Engaged!

BETTY. Yes, sir, engaged! Engaged to be married!

ALL. What!

BETTY. Engaged to be married! I said it plain enough! What are you all surprised about? Do you people think you are the only persons in this world that have a right to be happy, and a right to get married? [To Darrell.] Mr. Darrell, I'm sorry, but I can't answer the bell any more. I'll have to give you warning, because I am going to farm.

ALL. Going to farm!

BETTY. [Emphatically.] I said—going to farm, didn't I? I believe you are all deaf!

DAR. Do I understand that you are going to be a farmer, Betty?

BETTY. No, sir, but I'm going to be a farmer's wife and that's just

the same thing! [Exit C., Betty heard outside—"Come in, can't you? Ike? Please! There's nobody there!"]

Enter BETTY C. leading in IKE, who looks much abashed and reluctant.

BETTY. [To Darrell.] This is the farmer, sir!

HUGH. And so Ike has insulted you, Betty?

BETTY. Insulted me! No he hasn't, and what's more, he won't let anyone else insult me! Will you, Ike?

IKE. I'll be gol derned if I do!

Enter HERVEY C. with KATIE.

HER. Hello! What's all this! I say, you all look very happy?

"Lovers to the right of them,
Lovers to the left of them,
Lovers in front of them"—Shakespeare—No! I don't believe that is Shakespeare. I say, I must have been attracted here by some sort a sympathetic and irresistible magnetism? Any marriages been performed yet? I say?

DAR. None as yet, Mr. Travers, but we are in imminent danger of it. But who is this young woman—I beg your pardon—young lady, I should have said—that you have with you?

HER. No marriages as yet? Then I take precedence over you all! This? Oh, this is my wife! I met her on the road between here and your farm, Mr. Farber—asked her to marry me—obtained her consent—hunted up a party to perform the ceremony—had it done—and behold! she is transformed in the short space of one moment, from a blushing sylvan maid, to part and parcel of Mr. Hervey Travers! I was on the key vivie, you know, and so was pater!

Enter BOLTER hastily, C.

BOLT. Wha-wha-what!

HER. [C.] [Waiving him back.] Too late, pater! too late! [Looking at his watch.] Just about twenty minutes too late.

BOLT. Wha-wha-what!

HER. Your little Hervey is no more! Cease to 'wha-wha-what' for 'wha-wha-what' is in vain!

BOLT. Wha-wha-what!

HER. Pater, allow me to present to you my adorable—[To Katie] —I say, what's your name?

KATIE. [In a low voice.] Katie.

HER. What? I say? Speak louder!

KATIE. [Louder.] Katie!

HER. Katie? My adorable Katie, pater—my first and only wife—my better one-third! I say, pater, Katie and your little Hervey are congealed—coagulated—consolidated—concentrated, or to put it so as your feeble intellect may comprehend it,—we are man and wife—woman and husband! What do you think of that? I say?

BOLT. Think of it! Think of it! I think you are a d—d scoundrel, and she's another!

HER. [To Katie.] Katie, don't let him call you that! I'd knock him down, if he wasn't my father! But he's not *your* father, so don't let that interfere with you.

BOLT. Hervey Travers! from this moment you are no longer a son of mine!

HER. Oh! yes I am! You can't get out of that! You should have thought of that before you married my mother. But it's too late now—quite too late—let me see—about twenty-five years too late—which reduced to seconds would be about—[pauses]—well, you can figure it out yourself. Oh! yes, I am your son!

DAR. [Crossing to Bolter.] Mr. Travers, if I might be permitted to say a word, I would advise you to make the best of it. You see it was your son's destiny to get married, and why battle against destiny?

BOLT. You think so? [Pauses.] Well, perhaps, it was. One thing is certain—it is too late for me to prevent it. [To Hervey.] Hervey, I recall what I said—you *are* my son! I forgive you, but you have treated your father shamefully. Hervey, my blessing!

FAR. [To Bolter.] If the words of a simple old man like me are of any weight, I would say to you, sir, you have done well in giving your son your blessing. We all do wrong, sir! None of us are perfect. The young people will mate like the birds in the air. They cannot help loving each other. It is as easy to love as it is—to do wrong. Remember, sir, man is weak—and so is woman!

IKE.	DARRELL.	FARBER.	BOLTER.	KATIE.
BETTY.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	HERVEY.
ELIZABETH.				MRS. DARRELL.
JULIA.				ALICE.
EHRTON. R				HUGH. L

CURTAIN.

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